THE COMMONWEAL

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THE WILL TO PEACE

LIKE all celebrations, sacred or mundane, which recur at regular and foreseen intervals, the feast of Christmas has tended to assume a standardized character. The symbols that surround it—the crib, the stable with its meek and dumb inmates, the shepherds, the Wise Men, the star—have passed into the subconsciousness of Christendom, and to mention but one of them is to re-constitute the story of Bethlehem with a sudden vividness that perhaps no other picture in history, not even the drama of Calvary, assumes.

Modern society has grown so apart from the liturgy of the Church that the setting of the great day, in the order of feasts and fasts, penitential psalms, and canticles of rejoicing that make up the Christian year, is largely lost. To too many it remains the one article of faith which time has completly salvaged, and comes year by year, out of a calendar wholly profane, with a dramatic suddenness that gains from its very isolation. No other feast has been adopted by the world at large with the same whole-hearted enthusiasm; and none other so exploited and separated from its original message. As these lines are being printed, the orgy of buying and selling, of giving and receiving, is passing to its climax through a crescendo of packed stores, and tangled traffic—with only a red-cloaked figure at occasional street-corners ringing a shrill bell to remind the world that the Man whose feast they are preparing to celebrate was born in a lean-to, lived homeless, and died upon a gallows. There is no commercial enterprise, however petty—no stall or booth—that does not wear Christ's livery for a week. "The Christmas spirit!" "The Christmas trade!"

Certain austere souls there are—spiritual Scrooges, if the expression may be permitted—who view these perversions of the feast of the Nativity askance. They mutter, of a wholly pagan slogan, "Gimme!" which has replaced the Christian "Noel!" But the devout world at large is far from sharing their disgruntled view. It prefers to lay hold of a certain comprehensive charity and indulgence when contemplating the commercialization of Christmas, that at least is of the season. In ancient days, when the celebration lasted a week, and had been prepared for as only the Church knows how to prepare—soberly, with fast and prayer, vestments of penitential purple, and sifting of consciences—part of the fun was a day dedicated to the Lord of Misrule, when mock abbots and bishops, and kings with tinsel crowns made a covenanted parody of government, clerical and lay, and jesters in motley laid lustily about them with clubs of bladder. It was all part of the hearty humor and jollity, the gargoyle element in the middle-ages that was a counterpart to

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the deadly seriousness of salvation, possible only in a day when all men thought alike on matters of faith and morals, and before the spectre of heresy had arisen to make the smile upon man's lips suspect, and the wine in his cup bad citizenship. If the Feast of Misrule has vanished from Yuletide and the Church's benison no longer rests upon it, it is not a bad thing to keep a little allegiance to the light-hearted old monarch in one's heart. It will prove an immense solace when regarding the travesties, all the sadder because they do not know what travesties they are, that have descended upon the feast of Christ's nativity—the yearly commemoration of the day of days when the Orient from on high visited earth.

The fact is that the Christianity which looks upon Christmas today is a chastened one, thankful, in homely phrase, for very small and partial mercies. It loves to see the Sign that so many nations have contradicted still fling its arms athwart their national banners. For the sake of the commemoration of Christ's manger, it is content for one week at least to forget how many dogs are barking from theirs.

Particularly does it thank God that one watchword forever associated with the first of all Christmas days has not ceased to echo in men's hearts, and that the urgency of its challenge is all the more keenly realized because four Christmases passed over Europe when to remember it was a bitter humiliation and trial to faith. "Peace!" is the ideal that is enshrined at the core of all the pomp and circumstance with which men surround the feast of the Nativity. "Peace" was the one message heaven had for earth at the moment the veil was withdrawn and a "great company of angels" was seen by the poor hinds who lay awake watching their flocks on the hillside. At the due time, the Child who lay amid the straw was to tell the world just what kind of peace it might have for the asking. It was certainly not the peace which lay over the earth at the time Joseph and Mary went up to their own city to be numbered in Caesar's census. "Not as the world gives, do I give." All that the world could give, Rome had given up to those brief few months when the gates of Janus were shut upon the Forum. Tribute, discipline, legions shaking the ground on their march from one walled camp to another, lictors with rods for the back and axes for the neck, roads drawn by line and plummet that reached to the dark frontiers beyond which invasion and ruin bided their time, teeming cities and emptying farm-lands; baths, temples and theatres for the free citizen—for the slave, the crucifix and the common pit outside the city walls. These were the incantations by which imperial Rome cast her spell over the world until the day when Romans, sick of a rule that had forgotten its yesterday and could not promise its tomorrow, deserted the walls and let the saving barbarians in.

The vision of a peace on Roman terms—a Pax Romana—is one that has not ceased to haunt the vision of nations; indeed history is largely a record of the world's recovery from one unsuccessful attempt after another to impose it, of which the past seven disturbed and anxious years are but the latest in a long series. At successive periods in the story of mankind, first one country and then another seems to become seized with an overpowering national self-consciousness, a conviction that what it has to offer, by very virtue of its material success at home, is of universal application. Weighing its weaker and poorer neighbors in the scale of its own values, it has had no great difficulty in proving them, to its own satisfaction, backward and unprogressive. The will to dominion once established, pretexts to give it practical effect are never far to seek. A watchfulness, often highly plausible, over the safety of national capital adventured under the prestige of the national name—an exacerbated sense of the dignity and safety of its citizens, and a reluctance to submit them to control by an alien and of course "inferior" code of law—these have been the preludes to wars ever since the Roman Senate went in mourning for the fall of Saguntum, and will be their preludes when contemporary history is as ancient a story.

The "Peace!" which the angels delivered as heaven's message to a few sleepy field laborers at dead of night, on a bleak hillside, in the most despised and "backward" province of the Roman empire, is a peace that was promised only to men of good will, and if there be one lesson that history proclaims it is that good will is incompatible with the desire to control or hector weak neighbors. Nothing is more hopeful in the present European effort to secure future peace than the return to the conception at least of a community of powers with an equal vote, great and small, and an equal right to be listened to when they speak in whatever form of council shall finally be decided upon. Nothing can be of worse augury than the tendency already too often noted among the new nations, to copy the faults which brought the great ones to ruin, and by a system of narrow nationalism, hostile frontiers, needless tariff walls and irksome passports to impede the free intercourse of men and material, the "good will" that is Europe's crying need, and without which peace is a vain word.

The world, in a word, can have peace, old Rome's way or God's way. It cannot have both. The first is the easiest, for the state is still supreme, and a word will set battalions and batteries on the march, and battle-ship propellers revolving. The second is the hardest, for hearts are not changed at an official word, and a city is taken easier than a spirit conquered. But the easy way leads to nothing but ever fresh war, heart-burning, economic welfare sacrificed to the desire for revenge and armed "security" against reprisal. The hard way leads to the kingdom of Christ on earth —to the "Peace!" which celestial choirs hymned o'er that ancient town, two thousand years ago.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THAT the Church must collect the revenue of energy derivable from its laymen is a truism which almost everybody who rises to occasions has uttered. But how shall this be done? What goals should be striven for, and by what method? The newly reorganized National Council of Catholic Men will attempt to find suitable answers and urge them forcibly. Mr. Walter T. Johnson and Mr. Charles F. Dolle, respectively the new president and executive secretary of the organization, assume their difficult tasks with a wide knowledge of what the council's experience has been and a vigorous enthusiasm which has already proved very stimulating. Their appeal—it might, perhaps, be termed an inaugural appeal—calls attention to several urgent principles of action: first, unity to be achieved by "forming a parish council in every parish, until there is embraced within the council's membership every Catholic lay society in this country;" secondly, "it is important that we should achieve this complete organization as soon as possible," so that needs and dangers of the hour can be met; and third, there is immediate demand for "the help of all the clergy and all the Catholic manhood of America." There will be no quarrel with these declarations because the value of what the council could conceivably do is perfectly clear to all. But experience proves that success must depend upon the contagion of enthusiasm—a contagion which, unfortunately enough, has hitherto not been felt beyond the limits of certain areas. The ideal must rise and move abroad like a great fire, so that all will see the glow and respond.

ON several occasions we have attempted to discuss the causes of what is termed the layman's apathy—his general indifference to what lies beyond the shadow of his parish steeple. Obviously the root of this apathy is not disloyalty or lack of zeal. It seems to be an absence of education concerning the scope of what should be accomplished and concerning the psychological rules of organization. We have heard, for instance, the parish priest lament, in public, the indifference of the Catholic college man to problems of moment to the Church; we have listened to that same college man declare that his pastor seemed to resent approaches and offers of help. And the truth which is here illustrated in a particular case seems to be the root of a pretty general disease. Banding men together is a difficult task, as may be seen from the history of any political party. But the attempt to unify Catholic men is assumed to be an easy job which requires neither very much tact nor very much work—a job which, with the help of the annual address, will pretty much take care of itself! We do badly need some systematic training in methods of organization. We need to be told that the object of our union is not always battle with somebody—military campaigns are tiresome and bitter in the mouth—but at least occasionally constructive effort for the promotion of those things which the Church alone can contribute to American civilization. And we need these elucidations especially now when there is a chance to make the National Council of Catholic Men become everything in practice which it already is in theory.

THE suppression of the Dutch legation to the Holy See is simply another instance of the costly price of modern bigotry. When Dominie Kersten, in the name of his microscopic constituency, appealed to the legislature against the Vatican embassy on the ground that it placed a Catholic label upon a predominantly Calvinist people, he was probably interested more directly in old-time scores than in contemporary politics. But his motion became a measure, because all the parties of the Left rose to its support in order to wreck the conservative coalition which has ruled The Netherlands for nearly half a century. The fall of the present ministry is the result of a protest by the Catholic party which, though still numerically the strongest unit, has retired from the government. Nobody seems able to determine what the political character of tomorrow's Holland will be. One must suppose that the Dominie has preserved a certain naïveté from early childhood if he really prefers the company of the extremists of the Left to association with a Catholic group which has at least something in common with his creed. But dominies the world over are pretty much alike—they urge the spiritual house of mankind to collapse, if so "Rome" may be kept from occupying a room. It is a pleasure to know

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that most of the influential Dutch dailies express their regret at the closing of an embassy which was established by a Protestant government in 1915, when Holland was finding it immensely difficult to maintain her position as a neutral nation. They declare that a battle for political supremacy has wrecked a good deed and incidentally promoted civic hostility. But the little wiseacre who flirted with religious intolerance is probably inestimably content. His kind always are. Like the cow who started turning Chicago into cinders, they cannot be kept from achieving immortal notoriety.

IN connection with the series of articles which we have recently published on the state universities, the following extract from a letter of withdrawal of candidature by an applicant for a position in the University of California is published in the columns of our contemporary Science. It seems to show that some of the young Lochinvars in process of transformation into Middle-Aged Mentors may have managed to escape some of the processes of polishing which are generally assumed to be necessary. Addressing his letter to "Proff.," a common vulgar error, he informs him that "Dr.—— [of a large state university] has just made me a very fine assistantship proposition which I have excepted. Please consider my application with you void. I thank you as sincerely for the intrest you have shown in me, I consider it an unusual privilage to have been allowed to apply . . ." Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?

THE bestowal of the Golden Rose—the gift by which Sovereign Pontiffs express their personal appreciation of services rendered to the Faith and to good causes of every sort by consorts of reigning sovereigns, has just been bestowed upon Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians. The award of this, perhaps the very rarest of the world's decorations, upon the sympathetic and gracious consort of King Albert, recalls the fact that, like many other such things, a tradition of personal sorrow is associated with it. In a tribute in the London Tablet to the memory of the late Empress Eugénie, by Abbot Fernand Cabrol, head of the Benedictine community at Farnborough which owes her so much, a touching legend is related on this very subject. "Before the birth of the Prince Imperial, Pius IX sent the Golden Rose to the Empress for her service to the Church. She carried this precious souvenir with her from Paris, and gave it a few months before her death to Farnborough Abbey. On that occasion she remarked that the Golden Rose had not brought happiness to crowned heads, and she named the sovereigns who had received it in the last century: Queen Isabella of Spain, the Empress of Austria, the Queen of Naples, Queen Isabella of Portugal and, to close the sad procession, herself!" Let us hope that its latest recipient, the popular queen of a very ardently and actively Catholic nation, will break the evil tradition.

FROM Abbot Cabrol's article we get the interesting information that an extensive biography of Empress Eugénie is being prepared by Georges Lacour-Gayet, a writer of the younger school and already the author of monographs on Bismarck, Talleyrand and Napoleon. As M. Lacour-Gayet has purposely refrained from touching upon the religious convictions of the aged empress who, at her death, was a spectral survival of past glories and vanities, what Abbot Cabrol has to say upon the subject is perhaps the most authoritative pronouncement that will ever reach us on this subject, if only from the fact that he was her spiritual friend and confidant in her last years. Eugénie de Montijo, so Abbot Cabrol tells us, and he should surely know whereof he speaks, was the child of her country and generation. "Her early religious education had been of the very summary and superficial character common at that period in Spain." But her vigorous intellect, which lasted to her death, made amends for this education. "Once raised to the throne she as quickly put herself au courant with religious questions as she had done with questions political, historical, social and even economic." The Empress's personal politics in religious matters were of a distinctly liberal shade, opposed to privilege and convinced that undisturbed possession of "common rights" was all Catholics could safely ask. But "her Catholic faith was sincere and her loyalty to the Church entire." This evidence, especially when we consider the source whence it comes, should be final.

LEGEND has so persistently associated the Empress with the occupation of Rome by French troops between 1849 and 1870, that it is rather surprising to hear she was opposed to it throughout the Second Empire, holding that it was playing into the hands of the revolutionaries and imperiling the temporal power. The situation was one which Napoleon III inherited and did not create, and its perpetuation was forced on him by "the Catholic party, at that time represented by Montalembert, Falloux and other influential personages." But indeed there can hardly have been any other woman, so prominently in the public eye around whom so many legends have clustered, as the young Spanish bride of the pinchbeck Napoleon whom a caucus of determined men placed upon the insecure throne of the Tuileries. "My legend was made," Father Cabrol recalls her saying bitterly. "At the beginning of the reign I was the futile woman occupied with ribbons, and at the close of the Empire I became the fatal woman responsible for all the mistakes and misfortunes. Legend is always stronger than history."

BEING a Hoosier has always involved a certain amount of detail. No other mortal is so fond of leaving gaps in "the sidewalk of life," and no other dangles so lovingly from the red tape of law. In the

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old days, however, a kind of genial rhetorical intricacy was brought to the disentanglement of statutes and mandates—the kind of rhetoric which Caleb Mills immortalized when he said of the educational authorities set up by the state but left wholly unrelated that "the strange eccentricities observed in the motion of these remote bodies in their several orbits for the last two years has led to various conjectures." After all, what difference did legislative rulings make when you could discuss them in such breezy sentences? But the modern Hoosier is more definite. He has mastered the fine art of negation. And so the police of Terre Haute are calling attention—of course together with their brother police in neighboring hamlets—to a clause in the bone-dry law which reads as follows—"It is unlawful for any person to advertise or display any intoxicating liquor or apparatus for the transportation of intoxicating liquor or any article or vessel for containing such liquors in any show windows."

THE malicious articles referred to seem to be flasks. But there is no real limit to the restriction. Bottom, the Weaver, refers to a "bottle of hay;" and many a noble Hoosier has spoken of a bottle designed for something much less dry. Therefore an extensive campaign against bottles seems unavoidable along the Wabash. In the interests of temperance, citizens will be seen transporting their liver pills in little wicker baskets; and it is proposed that hair tonics shall be sold in fruit-jars. Even so the universality of the law will hardly have been faced squarely. Almost anything could potentially serve as "apparatus" for the relief of those throats which still persist in being unorthodox. If the Hoosier were logical he would forbid all containers and he would abrogate all throats. The prospect would be frightening were it not for the fact that, like Homer, the Hoosier occasionally nods.

THE present French movement to recruit candidates for the priesthood is of deep interest to Americans for certain special reasons. In the first place, it calls to mind the work of many clerics and religious in the war with which we, too, were harrowingly associated—the war which took a toll of more than five thousand consecrated lives and left a memory of bravery and devotion which must forever silence that criticism which has made a specialty of impugning the patriotism of the Church. There is no longer any need for such costly demonstration; and because the League of Nations can easily ratify an agreement barring the ministers of religion from active military service, we in the United States can do our part towards having this agreement proposed and urged upon all peoples. In the second place, this year which is identified in an especial way with the remembrance of the Jesuit martyrs calls to mind the manifold beautiful services which the priesthood of France has rendered to our country. How many shrines there are, in every part of the United States, shrines of learning, mercy and sanctification, which we owe to canonical pioneers who sailed bravely for "wild America" from the sunny harbors of Boulogne and La Rochelle! And indeed it is not altogether improbable that part of the debt we owe may some day be paid—that we, who now send bands of missionaries to China and Bengal, may spare many more priests for the great foreign mission fields which for the most part have been left to the apostolic zeal of France, and thus permit France to retain more of her heroic priests for a regenerative service at home.

NO one doubts that this world of ours as it has had a beginning will have an end, and many guesses, entertaining despite the grim character of the theme, have been ventured as to how this end will come. Not so many years ago it was supposed that the earth would lose its atmosphere; and that life would become impossible upon it from that cause. With the discovery of radio-activity and its wonderful operations, there was an immediate volte-face. The theory was advanced that by the gradual accumulation of the heat emanating from radium and its bottling up by the crust of the earth, which is a bad conductor of heat, a final burst would be produced, shattering our globe and sending its fragments hurtling through space. Now, however, Professor MacMillan of Chicago University, on the basis of some new mathematical calculations, predicts that the entire solar system as we know it is destined to become two stars—not planets—one of them being the sun, a star as it is. The other will be formed by the coalescence of all the other planets with Jupiter as a rallying point. Jupiter is, of course, the largest of the planets and the hottest; in fact, some thirty years ago there appeared upon it a large patch—called the Red Patch—several thousand miles in each direction, which some think to be the first sign of the formation of a continental system in the luminary to which, according to the Professor, at some remote day we shall be attached.

TWO things should be borne in mind when we are examining these far-off prophecies—first of all, what Bertrand Russell, himself a mathematician of no small fame, has to say upon the point. "Mathematics," he tells us, "may be defined as the subject in which we never know what we are talking about, nor whether what we are saying is true." No less consoling is the thought that other great mathematicians have made other calculations and obtained quite different results. Kelvin's theories have been invalidated because radio-activity was unknown when he was at work on them. And so with all these other calculations; the invalidating factor may yet appear. Mathematicians who listen to these discourses, being themselves adepts at the game, know just how it is played, and rejoice at the skill, or scoff at the want of it, in other players. But they are aware how fallacious calculations may be.

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RURAL COÖPERATION

WITH evident and creditable pleasure Father Edwin V. O'Hara, whose work in rural sociology has been so productive of good, has learned that the same Saint Isidore who presides over his own alert little farm-journal is also the patron of the powerful Flemish Boerenbond. This model organization might profitably be studied with care in the United States; and Father O'Hara, whose travel in Europe made him familiar with various movements to further agricultural coöperation, has sent an observant account to the National Catholic Welfare Conference, with which he is associated as director of the Rural Life Bureau.

The Boerenbond is a definitely Catholic organization composed of units which are identified with parishes and generally placed under the leadership of country priests acquainted with the problems involved and adequately educated to assume the rôle of guides. In a general way the program of the society is, in the words of Canon Suytgaerens, "to work for the religious, intellectual and social progress of its members; it proposes, in a word, to make of our agricultural population a powerful, educated and Christian class."

During the past few years the membership of the Boerenbond has risen to 100,000 families, all of whom are affiliated with coöperative credit, purchasing and marketing associations and supplied with such helps as courses in scientific agriculture. Naturally enough this common bond in the enterprise of daily living strengthens the sense of religious obligation and halts the inroads of socialistic theory. The varied value of such societies as the Boerenbond cannot be stressed too emphatically; we need something of the same sort in the United States—in every part of it.

At the eighth National Country Life Conference, which convened at Richmond, Father O'Hara explained that the Catholic effort to aid American rural life was not a separatist venture but the fruit of a desire to promote, apart from the apostolic mission of religion, two fundamental principles which seem to be held in common by all workers in the country area. "These two things are," he said, "first, a recognition of the primacy of the family among social institutions; and second, the recognition of the importance of the wide diffusion of the private ownership of productive property." It would be difficult to display the twin kernel of rural life more effectively.

Attempts to deal with rural sociology apart from these basic principles will never be more than theoretic and fallacious. The work of assisting the farmer to a more complete mastery of his social and economic problems, and of opening his eyes to the value and beauty of communal enterprise, is wholly in accord with the fundamental social mission of the Church. But this work must be done; and so Father O'Hara's achievement cannot be mentioned too frequently or made too abidingly the basis of good resolves.

SEVEN DECADES OF SERVICE

THE appeal for funds in order that its work of mercy and service may be further extended, with which Saint Vincent's Hospital breaks a silence of seventy-six years, is assured in advance of a generous response from every citizen of New York. But to Catholics it comes in the guise of a call for recognition that is as welcome as it is irresistible. In a sense which none of the other great centres of healing can claim to possess, Saint Vincent's is their very own. There are probably few, of the older generation at least, who have not at one time or another, on some errand of mercy or friendliness, entered the walls of the big red building on 12th Street. As they walked down the corridors and wards where the Sisters of Mercy, shod with silence and robed in monastic black, pass to and fro among their white-clad nurses, nameless and ageless, like so many figures from an ancient missal, and as their eye noted the pictures of sainted men and women that decorate the walls, the realization must have come home to them that nothing allays pain and danger, or so robs even death of its sting, as the sense that things inevitable are being borne in an ambient upon which the radiance of things eternal rests as a blessing and inspiration.

The beginnings of the great Catholic hospital which carries on its ministry of healing day and night, and at whose gates need—not creed—is the password, were made in those humble and lowly conditions to which Catholics are accustomed in the history of nearly all their undertakings. In November, 1849, when there were but two hospitals in the whole of Manhattan, a few sisters rented a house upon 13th Street. In order that thirty beds might be maintained in the limited space, the entire community ate, slept, and rested in a single room. "Accommodations in the house," the simple record which the hospital is publishing tells us, "were primitive. Candles and lamps supplied the light, water came from a pump, and equipment and facilities were unbelievably crude."

From that day the Sisters of Charity have had two main problems to meet. The first has been to keep their home and its equipment up to the terribly costly and elaborate standard that modern science demands; the second has been to meet the growing call for service (unremunerated in 64 percent of the cases) from a congested district packed with humanity.

Their appeal today is not that the burden upon their own time and devotion be lessened, for that is already surrendered to God by vow, but that their opportunity for service, particularly to women and children, may be extended.

Many hard things have been said about New York, but never that the heart of its citizens was not large nor their hand ready to relieve. An appeal such as the black-robed Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul are making is answered in advance.

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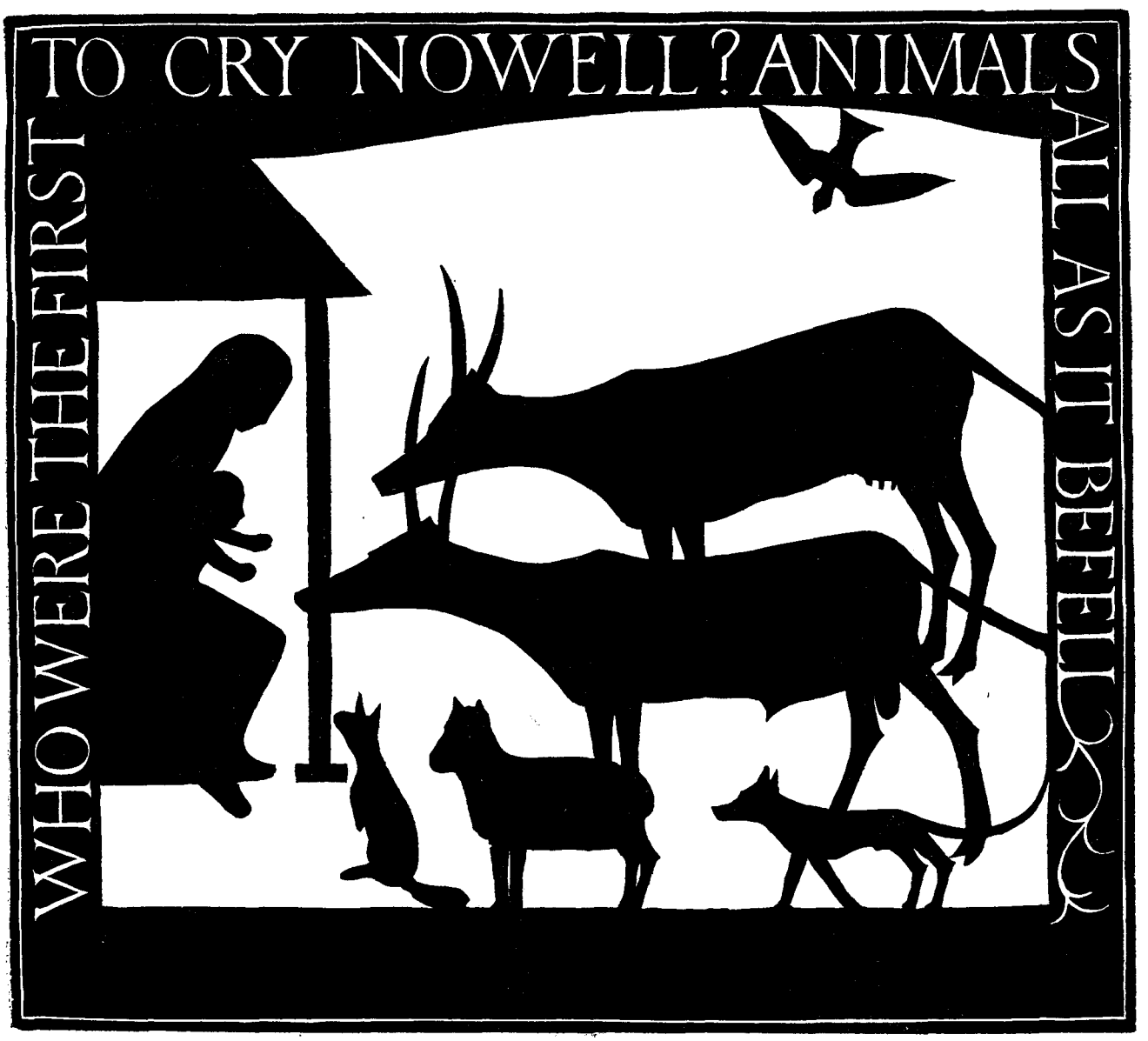
THE ART OF ERIC GILL

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

WHENEVER an event of prime human significance has transpired, stirring nations to their depths, and making a violent break with continuity, its repercussion (to use a word now pretty well naturalized in English) is to be observed, not only in literature, but in painting and the plastic arts as well. Goya's Horrors of War, the catastrophic Last Judgment of Delacroix, Gericault's terrible Raft of the Medusa, even Blake's enigmatic cartoons, keep the turmoil of revolution for years after revolution has become history. Art works by indirection. Consequently its attacks upon what its authors conceive to be social evils escape not only the attention of the historian but the attention of those who might conceivably be interested in observing the shifts in the public mind—the way of "looking at things" that portends changes.

It is rather surprising how little is known in this country of the group of craftsmen, artists and writers who are using their art to attack the industrial armature in England. Just before writing this article, I had the curiosity to examine the files of one of the big dailies in New York, the one perhaps which most completely and satisfactorily covers the activities of the whole world, and could find, amid its exhaustive files, but one reference to Eric Gill. The reference, it is true, was characteristic and significant. More than two years ago—in May, 1923, to be exact—a memorial to students of Leeds University, dead in the war, was to be erected. One of those happy accidents that



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providence knows how to arrange, put the commission for a war memorial in Gill's hands. The result, I believe, was generally hailed by the critics who reflect enlightened judgment as artistically satisfactory. But aesthetic considerations took second place in the storm that some of the details aroused. In a frieze at the base, the daring artist had drawn a Christ, scourge in hand, before whom ran a hound with a torch in its mouth, driving the money-changers from the temple. On the base was a text from Saint James (in Latin)—"Woe to you rich men! Weep and howl for the miseries that have come upon you. Your riches are putrid." And the money-changers wore, not the hood or mitre of Jerusalem that might have tempered the challenge, but the silk hat of stock exchanges and board meetings.

Questioned—not to say attacked—upon the subject, Gill's reply was rather an elucidation than a defense. "The memorial," he told enquirers, "is a memorial to a war that has just begun—the war between stupidity and injustice. The torch symbolizes the light of reason. The Dominicans are the scientists of religion. We want today's salvation by truth." The dog with the torch in its mouth is, of course, the age-old symbol of the Dominican Order. Eric Gill is a member of the Third Order of the Dominicans, together with Douglas Pepler, and others of a group of laymen who have set up Saint Dominic's Press, and live a community life that is a startling contrast to the existing social order in England. They cultivate their own land, make their own wine and beer and bread, and in their own workshops carve woodblocks, cast type, and print books, produce pictures and sculpture, with a complete disregard for all so-called labor-saving devices and complicated mechanisms, to the use of which even the most individual of artists elsewhere have so generally succumbed.

The views on social righteousness which received so dramatic a presentation in the Leeds memorial were no new things with Eric Gill, and they are shared by many thoughtful and hard-working writers and publicists in England. Gill, in fact, belongs to a group which might be called the extreme left of the Catholic economists. Chesterton and Belloc are their publicists and Father Vincent McNabb, former prior of the Dominican monastery of Haverstock Hill, in London, their theological supporter. These men see little but evil in the modern economic structure in their own country. On this they are quite convinced and are not to be shaken by the most plausible of arguments. Industrialism, for them, is of the devil—the modern big city a "den of dragons." Imperialism—the vision that stirred Kipling to rhapsody, is a mirage that is dissolving. They are frankly "little Englanders" but with a passion of patriotism for all things English that are not too big to be loved. Society, according to them, has been bled white by poverty and the only cure is a redistribution, to be brought about by a return to mediaeval conceptions of property. Society is sick and faint, and the only thing that can rouse it from its swoon is the smell of new-turned earth, the scent of byre and sheep-fold. "Christ wept over Jerusalem," Gill has said. "But he chose to live and work in the country." Society is atrophied and the only thing that can restore flexibility is the play of muscles upon men who handle tools instead of levers. "The things that men have made are the best evidence. They cannot lie." These men, it may be said, are fanatics. But they are at least honest fanatics. Not all of them are Catholics. But they turn their eyes to the Catholic Church as the one social entity not reared by human hands or committed to human compromises.

Gill's own views on what Father Vincent McNabb in a preface terms "the asceticism of art," are to be found in a strange little book, Songs without Clothes, written five years ago and "printed and published at Saint Dominic's Press, Ditchling, Sussex, on the Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady A.D. MCMXXI." The pamphlet (it is not much more) is ostensibly a "dissertation" on the Song of Songs and a defense of its legitimate place in liturgy against those who would reduce it to a mere eastern love-song, full of provocative imagery. But, in his hands, and by methods which the school of Chesterton uses very skilfully, it becomes an attack on commercialized sacred art, and a plea for a return to forms of which faith untainted by profit was the motive. "The history of art since the sixteenth century has been a faithful reflection of the progress of the world from one infidelity to another, and today we find ourselves at the nadir." . . ."The period of decay which the renaissance ushered in . . . is now past repair. We are in a sinking ship and every man must save himself. . . . The ship that brought us is on the rocks and nothing is to be saved but the tool-chest and the compass." . . . "Naturalistic painting, sculpture and music are always found concurrently with the decay of dogmatic religion. . . . Naturalism has always and everywhere been the sign of religious decay." . . . "The Church is not the enemy of freedom. She is its only real support, and also she is the only opponent of the unjust rich. But at the present time these facts are hidden from the majority of the people by reason of the inertia and ignorance of Catholics both lay and cleric. And in nothing is this inertia and ignorance more evident than in the encouragement given to the irreligious and merely sentimental art of a commercial civilization."

The writer was in London at the time Gill's now famous series of the Stations of the Cross were installed in Westminster Cathedral and can well remember the storm of criticism aroused by them among traditionalists. The idea of eliminating the things to which the devout had been accustomed—the mob of priests and soldiers, the "S. P. Q. R." banner floating overhead (very much, historically considered, as if

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modern soldiers were shown carrying their regimental flags to a riot call) the distant view of Jerusalem, the theatrical gestures of hatred or mourning, and of replacing them by one or two figures, symbolizing malignancy, violence or sorrow, and reduced to the barest essentials of anatomy, struck many as revolutionary. Today the stations are recognized as the most characteristic and befitting ornaments of Bentley's great masterpiece of Christian architecture, the ones most thoroughly in key with his conception when he planned it as a monument to all time of the Church's second spring in England.

In the series of Eric Gill's Christmas pictures with which The Commonweal decorates its Christmas number, the artist's frugality of execution finds perhaps the theme which suits its peculiar genius best. Sophistications, even pious ones, lay down their arms before the stark accessories of the Divine birth —the manger, the ox and ass, the shepherds, the Wise Men and their camels, the star. You will notice, however, that one further step away from the "naturalism" which is Gill's bête noire and which perhaps finds its extremest expression in Rembrandt, has been taken and that the great scene in the stable is presented in silhouette, the shadow-show at which children clap their hands. The richness that a composition can have, left dependent for its effect on the sheer rightness of the "containing" line is seized at a glance. But one can fancy that an inherent symbolism was present in the artist's mind as he limned his picture. The other name for Christmas is Revelation. For one blinding moment in the world's story, and one only, heaven visited earth. And the hither side of Revelation is always eclipse. Many artists of many schools have sought to convey this impression of sudden glory in their own way—by a ray of light piercing the thatched roof of the stable, by an aureole that hovers over the sacred straw. A method all the more effective for its simplicity has been chosen by Gill. Eternity's veil is withdrawn and against its overpowering light, no detail subsists. Ox and ass, the beasts of the field, the Mother chosen among mankind, even the Child who has assumed our mortal nature show only as the shadows that heaven makes of all earthly things here below.

It is hard to study these pictures, wonderful in their quality of simple faith and child-like rapture, without a desire to know more of their author and of his work. Luckily New York has an opportunity at hand to make Gill's acquaintance in all his picturesque phases of chap-book, social pamphlet, manual of devotion and decorative compositions. At the Chaucer Head, 32 West 47th Street, Mr. S. C. Nott, a friend of the artist, who has made the popularizing of the new movement in America his work for two years, has assembled a large collection of the products of Saint Dominic's Press. The richness of the designs, the seemliness of type and hand-made paper are a revelation of what can be achieved by a few men who make a resolute return to old craftsmanship and hand-work, translating not only the methods but the ideals of what they conceive to be the way of economic salvation into their daily work, and proclaiming their belief that today, as six centuries ago, "by hammer and hand, all arts do stand."

In an account of the visit to the colony at Ditchling which first aroused his enthusiasm for Gill's work, Mr. Nott has this to say—

"The printers, sculptors, artists, wood-engravers who constitute the personnel of the colony, have their workshops in low wooden buildings. Set apart from the workshops is the tiny chapel, simple and beautiful. In front, the common stretches away to the foot of the Sussex Downs where Roman earthworks can still be seen, with other mounds even older than the Romans. . . .

"The printing press is in a large airy building, and the first thing that impresses one is the quietness, no clanging nor banging of machinery. All the presses are worked by quiet-voiced people in smocks. The peace of the eternal hills floats across the common. . . .

"Eric Gill is one of the most interesting personalities I have ever met. He is rather strange looking, perhaps, with his long beard, untidy hair, much-worn overcoat and old grey trousers. But you cannot talk to him for five minutes without falling under his spell. He has a charm of manner that is irresistible, a keenness of humor and a merry twinkling eye. He has all the childlikeness of a true artist, the childlikeness which looks at everyone and everything without a single preconceived idea marring the contact."

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NATIONALISM AS A RELIGION

II. SCEPTICISM AND THE WORSHIP OF THE STATE

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

OF ALL periods of religious scepticism and theological doubt, the most crucial in human history, at any rate for our present purpose, is the eighteenth century.

It was the eighteenth century which witnessed in western Europe, especially in France, the mocking attacks of Voltaire and other "enlightened" litterateurs upon "supernatural" religion and ecclesiastical institutions. Christian tradition and the Christian Bible were alike impugned. Ecclesiastical authority was assailed. Miracles were ridiculed, and mysteries, such as the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Redemption, were rejected. Christianity was denounced as superstition, and its clergy as humbugs. Nor were these opinions and judgments confined to a few philosophers. They were shared by wide circles so that the eighteenth century clearly witnessed a pronounced loosening of the hold of traditional Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant, upon the intellectual classes of Europe.

For the first time since the early vogue of Arianism, a large number of the influential adherents of Christianity had come openly to doubt the truth and worth of its most fundamental tenets; for the first time, Christian intellectuals would abandon Christianity or subvert it wholly. Many of the eighteenth-century intellectuals perceived in the Trinity, in the God-made-Man, and in the Christian sacraments, only the vain imaginings of dupes or hypocrites. They perceived nothing in the Christian Revelation, or for that matter, in any "supernaturalism," to which man could justifiably attach any devotion or reverence. They were logical—in their fashion. They might not and they would not express their religious sense in Christian worship. They would not be Christians.

But those same intellectuals of the eighteenth century did possess a religious sense. And they showed it in many curious ways. Most of them got excited about a God of Nature who started things which he could not stop, and who was so intent upon watching numberless worlds go round in their appointed orbits, and so transfixed by the operation of all the eternal immutable laws which he had invented, that he had no time or ear for the little entreaties of puny men upon a pigmy earth. This God of Nature was obviously not much of a person and not much of a power; he was only a fraction of the God of the Christians. But he was outside of man; and eighteenth-century intellectuals managed somehow to develop quite a mysterious feeling about him. They praised him with a voice so loud that he would have heard them if he could have heard anyone; and with a voice so awed that it betrayed the religious fervor which moved them.

The God of Nature was not, of course, the only object of religious devotion on the part of eighteenth-century intellectuals. Some discovered and paid obeisance to a mysterious force outside of themselves which they termed Science—though this Science, when duly capitalized, proved to be but a theological handmaid to the God of Nature. Others found a hydra-headed monstrosity which they proceeded to worship under the title of Humanity; and these were especially devout, perhaps because the deification of all humanity is fraught with infinitely greater mystery than the conception of a single God-Man or even a Triune God.

And between the sect of the Naturalists and that of the Humanitarians, many another speedily arose. These were the Rationalists, who isolated a little bit of man's being and ascribed to it a most mysterious infallibility; the Progressives, who venerated progress as if it were a sailing vessel and who, by aid of the theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity, were eager to go wherever the wind might blow them; and the Perfectabilists, who with eyes of faith and the gift of tongues saw and proclaimed the millennium—Eden and Paradise—on this earth just around the corner.

As might be expected of any era of doubt and scepticism about popular religion, there was a good deal of syncretism among the cults of the eighteenth century. Some Humanitarians were devoted to Nature; some Naturalists adored reason; some Rationalists worshiped at a side-altar to Perfectability or Progress or Humanity; even some Christians, who exchanged their traditional God for Nature, went on styling themselves Christian and participating in Christian worship.

In any event, the eighteenth century, which beheld a waning faith in Christianity, beheld a waxing faith in Deism, Nature, Law, Science, Reason, Progress, Perfectability, and Humanity. It beheld also the rise of various organizations, such as Freemasonry and Illuminism, all of which enshrined one or all of the cults of the day and began to spread internationally. In the whole of the new syncretism, as well as in its component elements, the intellectual of the eighteenth century gave expression to his inherent sense of religion.

All the doubting and sceptical periods of which mention has already been made, have been characterized by another sort of worship—the worship of the Political State. It is an interesting fact that during the

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second and third centuries, when pagan scepticism was prevalent among Greek and Roman intellectuals, and when philosophers and mystics were toying with new cults, the deification of the Roman emperor was completed, and his worship widely and popularly indulged. It is another interesting fact that in the sixteenth century, when doubt about Catholicism was rife, not only Protestantism appeared on the scene, but also that popular exaltation of the lay state, which a host of the intellectuals of the time—Machiavelli and Erastus, to name but two—proclaimed and idealized.

It is, moreover, an arresting fact that the eighteenth century, which witnessed among the classes the growth of scepticism about Christianity, and simultaneously the rise of a novel faith in Deism, witnessed also for the masses, the enthronement of the National State—la patrie—as the central object of worship. Perhaps these instances are mere coincidences; more likely they may represent casual connections.

Doubt about a particular popular religion begins with intellectuals, and intellectuals, as a class, are notoriously timid. They have frequently been fearful of the unsettling effects of their own doubts upon the masses, and even willing on occasion that the masses, for the sake of social peace and general security, should go on indulging in belief and worship which to these intellectuals must seem superstitious. At the same time, their very scepticism denies them any leadership in the preservation of the older popular religion, and their substituted faiths are usually so diverse and so abstract as to militate against the immediate and vulgar acceptance of any of them as a new popular religion.

What is more natural, under these trying circumstances, than that the masses should be encouraged to transfer a large part of their inherent awe and reverence from a "supernatural" religion, which the classes deem superstitious if not degrading, to a political religion which has the twofold advantage of being obviously real and of having physical power sufficient to club the multitudes into some semblance of social harmony?

Let the masses and the classes unite to rear and dedicate a high altar to the state—the masses may then be suffered to bring a few flowers to the little side-shrines of their ancestral gods; whilst the classes, in assured peace, can utilize the crypt for their novel rites and gradually impregnate the whole temple with the strange, sweet odors of their esoteric incense.

The Olive Tree Carol

Arise, Jerusalem, be lit,
For look, He comes—thy Light!
The world is dark, but thou hast day,
The Three Wise Men are on their way
From Persia, with a great array
They travel through the night.

Dixit Apostolus

Saint Paul, the apostle, he said thus—
"The wild olive shall grafted be
Into the goodly olive tree."
O wild-borne bough!
Lift up, lift up thy silver shoot,
Strow down, strow down thy golden fruit,
For Christ is born of Jesse's root
In Bethlehem now.

O lift thine eyes and look around,
See where they come, and whence!
The tide is turning, and behold
The world flocks westward as of old,
Led by its wisest, with their gold
And myrrh, and frankincense.

Dixit Apostolus

Saint Paul, the apostle, he said thus—
"The wild olive shall grafted be
Into the goodly olive tree."
O wild-borne bough!
Lift up, lift up thy silver shoot,
Strow down, strow down thy golden fruit,
For Christ is born of Jesse's root
In Bethlehem now.

"O Christ, the shepherds found Thee first,
But we come very far;
They had an angel nigh at hand
And a plain speech to understand—
But we were kings in our own land
And left it for a star."

Dixit Apostolus

Saint Paul, the apostle, he said thus—
"The wild olive shall grafted be
Into the goodly olive tree."
O wild-borne bough!
Lift up, lift up thy silver shoot,
Strow down, strow down thy golden fruit,
For Christ is born of Jesse's root
In Bethlehem now.

HELEN PARRY EDEN.

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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

By PADRAIC COLUM

"BOYS, O Boys," said the First Shepherd, "this season is very severe! I'm in dread to stand on my feet," said he, "for my two legs might break under me, they're that stiff with the cold. And my hands are perished too! Well them that's born to it know the hardship! We're abroad east and west, day and dark, without rest or comfort, and for all our striving we're near out of the door with the poverty."

"No wonder we're that way," said the Second Shepherd, "for them that are above us are keeping us down; we have to be doing this and that for them, and our own fields, little as they are, have to be left as fallow as the mud floor at home. 'Give us a day's work here,' says the landlord. 'Send a yoke and a horse there,' says the steward, and if we refused either of them, we'd be between the mill-stones. It would be a miracle, I say, if we could thrive at all. I wonder when I see the people dressed up, for I wouldn't know when Sundays or holidays come around, I'm that bent to the hardship."

"The man that's married is the worst off," said the Third Shepherd. "He's in the shackles in earnest. 'As sharp as a thistle, as rough as a briar!' Could you tell me the meaning of that riddle, honest men? It means a wife. I wish I had run until I had lost my woman!"

They were talking like this, three shepherds out in the plain in the middle of winter, as they kept watch over the flocks that were around them. It was then that their serving-boy came to them, and he whining for his supper. "High hanging to you," said the First Shepherd to him, "you're thinking of your stomach early in the night."

"The bit to eat is always late in coming to the serving-boy," said the lad. "He sweats and strives while his masters take their ease. His hire is late in coming to him, and there's a good hole made in it if he makes a slip at all."

"When it's ready you'll get your supper with the rest of us," said the shepherds.

They were making it ready when Mac, the vagabond, came to where they were, all wrapped up in his old cloak. "Storm and wind and rain," he was saying, "I never saw the like of it! Since Noah there were never such floods. If the prophecies don't come to pass now they'll never come to pass. No wonder that I heard a shepherd say—'We that are watching at night may well see strange sights.'"

It was then that the shepherds saw him, and they called out to him, asking him who he was. "I'm a man going on a journey," said Mac, the vagabond.

"It's Mac, I declare," said the Second Shepherd. "Come here, Mac, and tell us your news."

"It's Mac, is it?" said the Third Shepherd. "Then anyone who wants to keep his own had better look after it."

"I'm a man sent on a journey by a great gentleman," said Mac. "Be civil-spoken to me. If I made a complaint I'd get every one of you goal."

"It's the stroke of my crook I'll give him," said the Third Shepherd. "It's Mac. Look at the devil in his eyes."

And when that was said to him he came near them. "I know you now," said Mac. "You're good companions. God save the three of you."

"You have a name for something, Mac," said the Third Shepherd, "and if you travel so late people will say that you're for stealing a sheep."

"I'm a man that has to keep moving," said Mac.

"How is your wife?" said the First Shepherd.

"She's by the fire at home, poorly enough, amongst a houseful of children."

So then the shepherds asked him to their fire, and he came and sat with them by it, and they gave him a share of what they had, and he ate his supper with them. After that the shepherds asked the boy to sing a ballad to them, and after he had sung one ballad and another, the First Shepherd said—

"I could sleep on a furze-bush. Before anyone in the parish I was out of my sleep this morning."

"I'll sleep if I was to lose fourpence by it," said the Second Shepherd. "I'm harassed with walking the moors."

"I tell you that if there was a harrow under me I wouldn't find it hurting me," said the Third Shepherd; and he lay down.

The boy kept watch.

"Come and sit by the fire with me, Mac," said the boy. And after a while he said—"I'm as good a man's son as any of them. I'll lie down too. And you, Mac," said he, "lie down beside me and put your cloak over the two of us."

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So the shepherds and their boy slept, and after a while Mac, the vagabond, rose up, saying to himself —"A man that's in want might take something now. He might go into the fold yonder and steal a sheep." He stood up, and he looked to the fold and he looked on the shepherds and their boy who were lying there. "I'll work a spell on them first," said he.

So he went over to them, and he made a circle round them with his staff, saying the spell he made up—

"Let there be round you a circle, as round as the moon—
Let you lie stone-still till it be done.
Over your heads my hands I lift,
Out go your eyes, your sight I shift.
Manus tuas commando
Pontio Pilato."

"I was never a shepherd," said he, "but now I'll learn the trade."

He went to the fold and opened the hurdle and a sheep came out to him. "I'm obliged to you for drawing near to me," he said; and he put the sheep across his shoulder. "You'll take our house out of sorrow tonight," said he.

When Mac went into his house, Gill, his wife, was spinning by the fire, and the children were crowding hungrily around her. They were in dread and they were in gladness when they saw the sheep that he carried in with him.

"Before the night is over we'll have meat on the coals," said Mac. "This twelvemonth I hadn't such a taste for mutton as I have now."

"If you kill it they'll hear the sheep bleat," said Gill, his wife. "You're not so far from them now."

"Aye, and then they'd come here and take me," said Mac. "What will we do about it?"

"Mac, here's a plan," said Gill. "We'll tie it up and hide the live sheep in the child's cradle."

"A good plan, good woman," said Mac; and he and his wife went and tied the sheep up. Then they put it in the child's cradle and covered it over.

"I don't care who spies now," said Gill, Mac's wife. "Go out again, you," said she, "and keep near them, so that they won't think you had any hand in carrying away their sheep."

"It's a good plan," said Mac, "and a woman's advice helps in the end." So he went back to where the shepherds were, and he lay down beside the boy.

"My foot's asleep," said the First Shepherd, wakening up.

"Lord, I've slept well," said the Second Shepherd. "I feel as light as the leaf on the tree."

"We were four," said the Third Shepherd, jumping up. "Do you see Mac? I dreamt that he came before us in a wolf's skin."

"Your dreams make you wild. There's Mac lying down by the boy. Waken up, Mac."

"Catch hold of my hand, someone," said Mac when they came to him. "I can't stand up. My neck's lain wrong. Oh, and I had a dream that's worse than all. I dreamt that there was another youngster in our house since the cock-crow. God help me that has so many children and such little earning. I must go home. But watch me now so that I won't have the name of stealing anything on you."

So he went from them then, leaving the shepherds talking together, one saying that he would go before the other to the pasture with his sheep, and that they all should meet before evening at The Crooked Thorn.

Mac came to his door and knocked at it. "Who's making that stir?" said Gill, his wife.

"Gill, it's Mac," said he, and she opened the door, and he came in and stood on the floor of the house.

"However the game goes they'll blame me," said he. "I believe they'll come after me here and that soon. We'll have to take them cunningly."

"Then," said Gill, "we'll put more wrapping around the sheep and keep it in the cradle. You rock it and sing lullaby. And I'll lie by the wall and cry out as if in my pains, and if we don't baffle them that way never trust to me again."

All day then they kept the stolen sheep in the child's cradle, and the knife to kill it wasn't taken into Mac's hand; night came down; the rush-candle was lighted, and the children gathered around the fire. But still Gill lay by the wall, and still Mac sat by the cradle and sang lullaby into it. The night was wearing on when a clatter came to the door.

"Mac, open the door," said one outside.

"Who's there? Tell me that first," said the man of the house.

"Open."

"Will ye not speak soft over a sick woman's head?" said he. But he went and opened the door.

The shepherds were there, but Mac stood between them and the threshold.

"God save ye," said he. "My wife's brought another one home to me. God knows we had enough in the house, but then we must eat as we bake. Come in," said he to them then, seeing that they were for pushing by him. "Is there anything on ye that isn't good?" said Mac.

"There is, in troth," said the First Shepherd. "Our good sheep that's stolen."

"Stolen, did you say?" said Mac. "A sheep stolen! Well," said he, "if I had been there I'll engage I'd have been blamed for something."

"There are some that think you were there," said the Second Shepherd.

"Come. Rip up the house then," said Mac. "My wife wasn't up since she laid down there. I wasn't out of the house since the time you saw me. But come and look around you. If you find sheep, goat, or cow here I'll let you put me under a harrow."

"Out, thieves, out!" said Gill.

"Do ye hear how she goes on?" said Mac. "Your

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heart would melt if you had to be listening to her groans."

"If ever I wronged ye," said Gill, turning round to the shepherds, "I pray that I may eat what lies there in the cradle."

"Peace, woman," said Mac to her. "My brain will jump off me listening to my poor woman's complaints," said he to the shepherds. "Easy, easy, Gill. You'll split my heart with your moaning."

"Our sheep is stolen," said the Third Shepherd, "and it's our business to look about it."

"Our labor's lost," said the First Shepherd, "and we may as well go home. Hard or soft, salt or fresh, there's no flesh here except the child in the cradle."

"God save my child from the hands and eyes of ill-wishers," said Gill.

"We've missed the mark," said the Second Shepherd. "Our respects to you, ma'am," said he to Gill, "and our blessing on what's in the cradle. Is the child a boy?"

"A boy he is," said Mac, "and a lord might be proud to have him for a son. When he wakens up he skips in a way that would delight you."

"May his steps be happy," said the First Shepherd. "Who stood for him?"

"Two honest men that we are known to."

"You should have asked one of us," said the Third Shepherd. "We're friends and neighbors, you know."

"I'm glad I'm not in any way beholden to your friendship," said Mac. "Goodbye to ye," said he as they stepped across the threshold, "we won't be lonesome for you when you're gone."

He hadn't closed the door before one of the shepherds said—"Did you leave anything for the child in the cradle?"

"It never came into my mind to put as much as a farthen in his hand," said the First Shepherd. "Wait for me," said he, "I'll leave sixpence in the cradle." He went back into the house then, and he said—"Mac, don't take it badly that I've come back."

"I take it badly enough. You brought an ill mind into my house," said Mac.

"By your leave, I'll leave something with the child," said the First Shepherd; and before Mac could stop him, he was at the cradle. But Mac said to him—

"Go away. The child is sleeping."

"I see him looking out at us," said the First Shepherd. "What the devil is this?" said he then. "Mac, your child has got a snout on him."

"He's marked amiss, God between us and harm," said the Second Shepherd.

"What's ill-spun comes out badly," said the Third Shepherd. "In troth, this is our sheep. Do ye see how they've swaddled his four feet in the middle?"

It was then that Gill sprung out of the bed and came to them. "The child was changed by the fairies," said she. "I saw it done myself as I was sitting there by the fire."

"This is false work," said the First Shepherd. "Get your weapons, men."

"If I've done any trespass, you may strike me down," said Mac.

"We'll strike you down, and we'll leave you for dead," said the First Shepherd. "Lay on him, men."

"And these are the men that were spoken of in the prophecies," said Mac, "and now they'd beat a poor man in his own house."

"What prophecies do you speak of, Mac?" said the First Shepherd.

"They that watch at night may well see strange sights!"

"And maybe it were better that we were watching at night," said the First Shepherd, "instead of being here."

But they had raised their hands against him when they heard the hymn that we now call Gloria in Excelsis. The cabin they stood in was all filled with light, and they saw an angel of the Lord outside.

"O hired men," said the angel, "be gentle with each other, for God is your friend. Tonight is born a Child that will free Adam's race."

Gill spoke. "Where is the Child?" said she.

"In Bethlehem, between two beasts. I bid ye go there," said the angel. Then he passed on, singing—

"Hail, comely and clean; hail, young Child
That is born this night of a maiden mild."

They laid down their staves and they went outside. "He spoke of a Child that is lying in Bethlehem," said the First Shepherd.

"Of God's Son in Heaven he spoke the word," said the Second Shepherd.

"The star shines above Him. Let us go seek Him," said the Third Shepherd.

They went from that house and towards Bethlehem.

"It is as true as steel what the prophets spoke," said one to the other. "As poor as we are, and as simple as we are, we, the shepherds," they said, "would be the first to find Him when He appeared in the world."

(The foregoing story by Mr. Colum is founded on the Wakefield Nativity Play.—The Editors.)

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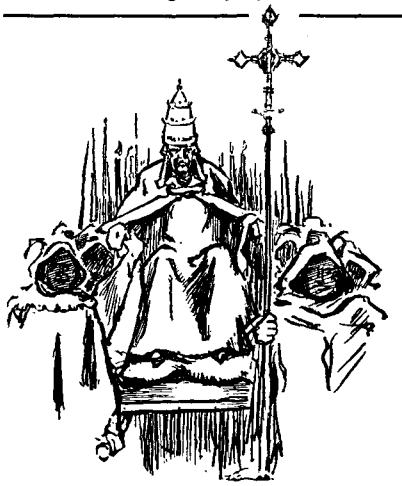

A Ballad of Old Pope John

WHEN there were Popes in Avignon
Great wonder came to pass,
And there was cheer, and benison,
At tourney, fair, and Mass.

How Pope John's table was made ready for the feast of the Holy Apostles.

Till John was Pope, and his feast was spread
All on Apostles' Day
Whereon the beggar mouths were fed
By cardinals in array.

They decked the papal shoulders old
In robes of baudekyn,
And took his heavy chair of gold
And proudly bore him in.

How he beheld a strange guest among his bedesmen.

"Ho, Steward," did he whisper then,
"Come hither unto me!
Did I not call for twelve poor men,
Yet thirteen here I see?"

How they deemed the holy Pope was become distraught.

"Most Holy Father, grace I pray"—
The steward blanched with fear—
"I fetched but twelve as for this day
You bade me welcome here."

Pope John, astounded, looked around;
"My cardinals and lords,
Are there not thirteen to be found
Here seated at our boards?"

The courtiers all let droop their eyes;
The Gascon cardinal spoke—
"Your Holiness would deign surprise
His household with a joke?"

How the Pope challengeth the unbidden guest to declare his state.

The Pontiff shook his head for nay,
"By Lady Mary, now,"
He cried and pointed, "Fellow, say,
I charge thee, who art thou?"

'Twas then the outcast raised his head
And threw his hood aside;
His face was like the unshrouded dead
As "Judas," he replied.

How the outcast maketh mock of Pope John's anger.

"And darest thou, accurséd one,"
Cried out the Pope in rage,
"To venture near the sacred throne
Where Christian men engage!"

The stranger scoffed—"Nay, I have sate
At higher feasts than thine,
Whereat Rabboni brake and ate,
And changed to blood the wine."

How Pope John saw that his feast must go on.

And seeing not whence came that sound,
The court went on its knees;
Pope John half staggered to the ground,
But the stranger kept his ease.

He drew his hood upon his head,
As though no more to heed.
Pope John raised up his Ring, and said,
"So must our feast proceed."

(*Drawings by Thomas J. Fogarty.*)

THOMAS WALSH.

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THE QUEST OF ATLANTIS

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

"HIDDEN treasure" and "lost islands" run a close race in the minds of romance lovers, and certainly after boyhood has been passed, the islands gain the prize. That there really are tracts of land, once trodden by the feet of man, which are now covered by the sea, is indisputable. Fortresses which once protected the coasts of Roman Britain now lie under the turbid waters of the encroaching North Sea; and quite recently, there has been discovered under the Mediterranean waves, and off the coasts of Tunis, an entire city which in the palmy days of the Roman empire may well have been a fashionable seaside resort for the wealthy inhabitants of North Africa. These disappearances are due to the ceaseless heaving of the underset breast of the earth now elevating, now depressing vast tracts. In addition to the continuous change that this movement causes, we doubtless have to reckon on greater disturbances due to cataclysms of the nature of earthquakes but greater than any which the earth has known in historical times.

Have these or other agencies of nature ever caused the subsidence of really extensive tracts of land, and, above all, of tracts of land inhabited by man? That is the question debated in Lewis Spence's Atlantis in America*—one which has long attracted attention.

Legendary history assures us that there have been many such tracts and there is an irresistible romance about the tales which are told concerning them. There is the land of Lyonesse between the Land's End of Cornwall and the Scilly Isles, certified for by a most ancient tradition and the scene of some of the most attractive of the tales of the Arthurian cycle, such as Tristan and Iseult. There are numerous islands associated with the Celtic idea of the happy other world, so bright and pleasing a piece of mythology, especially when compared with the gloomy, tenebrous eschatology of the Greeks and the Romans. It was in search of these islands that Saint Brendan, the navigator, of Kerry, set forth on his famous voyage, which, I agree with Mr. Spence, was probably a quite genuine piece of history though afterwards encrusted with the barnacles of fiction dear to early mediaeval chroniclers.

Did any of these lands ever exist outside the imagination of the poet and the mythologist? It is hard to say, and hard also to speak with certainty respecting the two most important, with which I have now to deal. Antillia, or Antiglia, is a land described and even figured in early maps, which, however, contained many places and things never known on sea or land. It was the Portuguese "Island of Seven Cities" and got that name from the story that after Roderick had been vanquished in Spain by the Moors, the Archbishop of Oporto with six other bishops fled to this island, where each prelate founded a city.

Is there any foundation for this tale? I am of the opinion of those who believe that behind these stories there is the memory of a real occurrence—possibly many, many centuries back. It is a significant fact that there is today, in the island of St. Michaelis, one of the Azores, a valley named "of the seven cities."

Greatest of all these stories, in importance and familiarity alike is the legend of the lost Atlantis, a subject of controversy that has never ceased since Plato started the ball rolling more than two thousand years ago. This was in his Timaeus. In his Critias (f.c.) he gave a history of the community which once inhabited this lost continent, the earliest recorded Utopia—all his statements being referred to stories told by Egyptian priests to Solon. This land of Atlantis was said to have been just outside the Pillars of Hercules, that is, on the Atlantic side of the Straits of Gibraltar. The inhabitants vexed the gods by their behavior, and the land was submerged.

The vast majority of persons since Plato's time, have regarded this Atlantis as a pure piece of imagination. Probably more than 99 percent of the authorities of today share their scepticism. Of course there have always been faddists and occultists who have entertained a belief in the lost Atlantis. Such was the writer of a very curious book which appeared from the Theosophical Publishing Society's offices some thirty years ago. In this there was a full account, with maps, not merely of Atlantis, but of the world, between the dates 1,000,000 and 9654 B.C., purporting to be "a piece of historical research by means of astral clairvoyance"—whatever that exactly may mean. Perhaps Sir Conan Doyle, or some other seer, might bring this miracle of research down to a later date than that which—rather arbitrarily it would seem—was chosen for the previous revelation to end.

Mr. Spence is not a writer of this type. Nevertheless, he sets out to show that Antiglia and Atlantis were real tracts of land, inhabited by real men and moreover with a most important bearing on the history of the world. He begins with the fact that there are in the old and in the new world certain customs such as mummification and the building of pyramids—to take but two examples—which it is difficult to imagine could have sprung up independently in two such distant areas, though the modern Egyptian school maintains that these customs came from Egypt and filtered into South America via Asia and Polynesia. I agree with Mr. Spence that there is no kind of evidence for this, and

**Atlantis in America, by Lewis Spence. New York: Brentano's.*

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that there ought to be if that long journey was carried out, as it must have been, by very slow degrees. Of course the theory that such customs may have originated independently is not absolutely impossible. But before we concede a coincidence so extraordinary on its face, we must ransack the world for contrary evidence.

Mr. Spence appears to find it in two other curious facts. The first is that of the Maya civilization, a subject on which he has written largely. This civilization, it is now pretty well agreed, first settled down in Guatemala, and what is most remarkable about it is that it has all the evidence of being a very highly advanced culture, quite unlike that of other parts of the continent. Among the Amerindians of the North the differences that we find can easily be accounted for by environment, and there is no reason to doubt that they are all from the same stock. But with the Mayas it is quite different. Their civilization was not merely a new thing but it seems to have been an established thing from the very beginning, and not to have grown up.

Where did these marvelous people, with their amazing culture, come from? We will leave that question for a moment and turn to the second point. Everyone knows that in certain caves in Spain and in southern France there have, in late years, been discovered an immense number of wall-paintings in red ochre, black and white, chiefly of animals. The execution of these paintings causes admiration and astonishment, for, in quite a number of cases, any modern artist might be proud to have done such spirited drawings, especially with such unpromising materials and doubtless the very rudest of brushes. That art belongs to the periods known to archaeologists as Aurignacian and Magdalenian and goes back at its earliest to perhaps twelve or fifteen thousand years ago. That again appears suddenly and as a new thing, and whence did it come? It is a similar question to that just asked about the Mayas, and Mr. Spence finds the one answer for both questions. Given a tract of land between Europe and America; inhabited by a very highly cultured race; threatened by destruction owing to encroachments of the sea so that the inhabitants were obliged from time to time to migrate in diverse directions—then both of the questions asked above may be answered by the word Atlantis with the other word Antiglia as the name of an intermediate stepping stone between Atlantis and America.

Mr. Spence bases his theory on ethnological evidence and very largely on folk-lore. From these he makes out quite a good case. It is certainly most striking to see a picture of Tlazolteotl the Queen of the Mexican witches, depicted as riding on a broomstick just as Cutty Sark and her crew were fabled to have done, and it is more than difficult to see how this very unusual idea can have originated independently in the two districts. But it is just over this point that we want to utter a word of criticism. Mr. Spence has too marked a tendency to make an assertion and then regard that as proof for a further thesis. He is by no means the only offender in these days. Most people know the curious picture of a dance of what seem to be women around a central figure (or perhaps a man) which is one of the wall-paintings mentioned above and is in the cave at Cogul. The women do wear queer caps such as witches might have worn but it rather takes one's breath away when Mr. Spence tells us, after conjecturing that the women are witches, that this "shows *conclusively* (my italics) that the cult of witchcraft was practised by the Aurignacians at an age immensely remote—ten thousand years ago at the least computation." Again in these caves are many figures of bisons which Mr. Spence thinks afford clear evidence of the worship of the bull. If the author reads M. Mainage's book Les Religions de la Préhistoire, he will find evidence for a modification of his thesis.

On the other hand the story of Quetzalcoatl, the feathered snake, the same individual as the Cuculcan of a neighboring race, is certainly impressive for the terms have the same meaning. Quetzalcoatl, at least the culture hero of the Mayas and much more than that, was fabled to have been white and to have come from a distant realm, not as a conqueror, but as one of a band of aristocrats who induced the people amongst whom they came to live to accept a new and much higher civilization. When Quetzalcoatl was finally driven out by Tetzcatlipoca, he prophesied that he, or at least other white men would come again—a fact which undoubtedly made the Spanish conquest a thing of much greater ease than might have been expected. Who was Quetzalcoatl and where did he come from? Of course Mr. Spence says from Antiglia, but originally from Atlantis.

I have said enough on this point to show how fascinating are the problems opened up in this very interesting book, but there is one hiatus—it is that there is one most necessary chapter conspicuous by its absence namely, The Evidence from Geology. Until that chapter can be written and the evidence shown to be affirmative, Mr. Spence's theory must remain just what so many other stories about these lands are—a brilliant piece of imagination. He thinks that Atlantis is under the Sargasso Sea, now being investigated by an American expedition which possibly may be able to offer some evidence on one side or the other—at present I know of none of an affirmative character. Everyone will admit that the question of the stability of the floors of the oceans is matter of doubt and dispute, but, in spite of the opinions of Hull, no doubt a geologist of repute, and of some other geologists, most persons today undoubtedly hold with Wyville Thomson and Geikie that there is no evidence of an Atlantis—at least at any period during which the existence of men could possibly be postulated.

Until there is clear evidence that there may have been an Atlantis within the human era, the thesis can only remain hypothetical though most fascinating.

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POEMS

"They Also Called Me Carpenter"

Once, on a night of stars, I was aroused
By Someone speaking close beside my bed.
"Consider," said the Voice, "how you are housed,
Warmed at the fire of life, companioned, fed.
Yet it were better had you built of straw
For winds to blow through, that your hands had bled
Sifting the sands that wise men once foresaw
Would quake beneath a city of the dead."

"What lodging has the Spirit?" Then He ceased.
The silence was arraignment, and I knew
That I had always dwelt among the least,
A princely beggar and a parvenu.
I looked and saw the light about His head . . .
"They also called me Carpenter," He said.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Carved

God, tired of softness, carved the early night
Of a green chrysolite,
Beat thin a diamond to a crescent moon,
Cut trees of heavy jade.
In this grave cavern, that will fade as soon
As clouds or whispers, that is made
As firm as granite, thin-edged as a blade,
Even the air is a jewel to the taste.
Withdraw not—drink mad sharpness. Do not waste
In abstinence this thing distilled
Of dusk and leaf and early star—
This drug like drunken artist skilled
To paint you in new colors, like crazed priest
To plunder from a far,
Dark, and instructive east
White torches for your heart and eyes,
Making you mad and wise
As lovers are.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

The Test

Do the heart-broken fear that you condemn too much,
When they would yield to a more gentle touch?
Do the sick ask for you, and in your presence feel
The spirit of the Christ to help and heal?
Do children come to you, and coming say
They love you,—or do they turn away?

BEATRICE POST CANDLER.

Zion

Now Libra and the Lion
  Shine like great golden flowers,
I would ascend where Zion
  Lifts its grey walls and towers.

Gath and its pride were humbled
  These many ages gone,
And by the sea have crumbled
  Both Tyre and Ascalon.

But Zion stands. Its span is
  Still stalwart, firm and brave,
Though in its cracks and crannies
  The hyssop blossoms wave.

Over each isle and isthmus,
  A melody sublime,
The hallowed chimes of Christmas
  Sweep like the surge of Time.

So I would seek out Zion
  Beneath the midnight sky,
So I would seek out Zion
  And see the Christ go by.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Matin Song

What shall we bring,
Ye Manger-Born,
What gifts today—
We empty-handed ones who only sing?

We, who have naught to barter in the mart,
What offering of beaten gold
Than this . . .
The hidden lyre of a heart?

Long, sweet-swayed branches of the fir
Take Thou for holy frankincense;
A spirit fragrant of a song unsung
Our only myrrh.

MILDRED FOWLER FIELD.

Impatience

April
Seems so far away
From me today.
How deep the snow,
And long the path
The winter yet must go.
Will the spring air ever start
Thawing the frozen meadows
Of my heart?

LE BARON COOKE.

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THE CHILDREN'S NIGHT

By SARAH KATHERINE MAYNARD

IT WAS the afternoon of Christmas Eve, but there was not a Christmas tree in the whole town because it was the first Christmas Eve that had ever been on earth.

The mountains were covered with snow, the rivers were hard with ice and the wind came biting from the north. In Bethlehem there was a fair.

Now outside the town of Bethlehem Our Lady was journeying slowly over the hills with Saint Joseph. They had only one ass between them and so Saint Joseph had to walk. He was a very old man with a long grey beard and wrinkles covering his face, but Our Lady was more beautiful than any fairy princess on this earth because she was the Queen of Heaven. They were on their way to Bethlehem, but not to the fair. Many months before this cold day God had sent an angel to tell Our Lady to travel into Bethlehem at this time of the year that she might receive into her loving arms His only Son as a baby.

The hill was steep and the poor ass panted with fatigue as he mounted stumbling against the icy wind.

"I will get down," said Our Lady, "and let the poor ass rest." So she descended from the saddle and leaned against a rock that the ass might rest; but all the while Saint Joseph watched the sky where the sun was already about to set. It was growing late and they had yet to find a place in which to sleep for the night.

Now while Our Lady was leaning against the rock the snow began to melt at her feet and the ants came struggling up from their winter holes, great processions of them, to kiss her shoes; and when they had disappeared into the ground again, a tree grew up from the ant-hill full of roses, and in time that tree came to be called the Rosemary tree, or the Tree of the Roses of Mary—and for every child in the world named Rosemary there is a flower in bloom at Christmas time on that tree.

When the ass had rested a little while, Our Lady mounted again and they moved on, but over so rough a road that it was night before they entered the town, where the streets were thronged with all the strangers who had come to Bethlehem for the fair. None of these people knew it was going to be Christmas night. Only Our Lady and Saint Joseph knew.

"Let us go by the side streets," said Saint Joseph, "or we shall be knocked down in the crowd." So they went into a side street.

"Soon now you shall rest, good Lady," said Saint Joseph, knocking on the door of a house from whence came the noise of merry-making and the smell of heat.

"What now?" asked the man of the house, poking his head through the window.

"Shelter we crave—," began Saint Joseph.

"No room, no room," laughed the man of the house. "The town is full. I make good money tonight," and he jingled his pockets full of money and shut the window.

"We will try the next house," said Saint Joseph. He wrapped his cape around Our Lady, and then with stiffening hand he led the ass further down the street.

At a likely house he knocked. "Shelter, pray, have you shelter for us?"

"No," roared the landlord, "go away."

They passed on. Saint Joseph asked at every door, and now he only asked for shelter for Our Lady. "The ass and I can well remain outside." But the doors were slammed to before he had finished speaking.

It seemed hopeless. "Go away, go away, go away!" from every landlord.

Then Our Lady tried. She trembled because soon now—very, very soon now—God was going to send her Our Lord, and how could she mother Him in the streets? She had planned to have a warm room ready for Him and a pretty bed—and she found herself in the street! No preparation for Him. Nothing. The tears were in her eyes.

"Let me try," she whispered to Saint Joseph.

Therefore, at the next house she stretched out her delicate hand and tapped at the door.

The landlord came at last. He eyed her with displeasure. He could see she was not rich. "Hurry up what do you want hurry up I'm cold standing here." He spoke as quick as he could, without even a comma.

"Oh, please let us in. It's ice-cold out here, we can find no shelter, and this night God is sending—"

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"Now, now, don't bother me! No room here for people like you. Go away. Try somewhere else."

Then the tears flowed down Our Lady's cheeks, for there was nowhere else to go.

"It is God's will," said Saint Joseph.

Our Lady knew it was God's will, but nevertheless she wept.

"Let us go out of the town a little way," said Saint Joseph.

They went out of the town a little way and as they were going a poor man followed them. He did not walk properly because he was lame in one leg, and he did not talk very well because the people of Bethlehem laughed when he talked, and so he always kept to himself and only spoke once or twice in the year. He followed Our Lady. He had seen her by the street lamp and he knew that she was beautiful, that she was good—more so than any of God's creatures—and so he ran calling after her and Saint Joseph and the ass; but he had to call loud because the blustering wind was full of noise.

"Someone calls us, Joseph," said Our Lady.

"I call, I call," cried the follower. "Only a poor man calls. Fear nothing from me, good Lady. I want to say: try the cow's house. She's a good cow and gives sweet milk and she has mild eyes. She would never refuse you, good Lady. I have no home to offer to you. I am not clever and so I live in the woods with the squirrels, and sometimes in the mountains with the foxes. The foxes are kind fellows; they always let me come in. Try the cow's house, dear Lady."

The he kissed Our Lady's mantle and dropped behind, with her words of thanks whispering in his ears. And then he ran to tell the foxes, and they all cried together in joy and in sorrow—in sorrow because Our Lady had been refused by the town, and in joy because Our Lady was good.

Soon the little procession of the ass, Saint Joseph and Our Lady came to the cow's house. The cow had no lights in her house but the stars shone through the open door. Saint Joseph knocked.

The cow ceased to chew the cud and stumbled up to her feet.

"May we come in, good cow?" asked Saint Joseph. "Our Lady is here riding on a tired ass, and we have nowhere to shelter us from the cold this night. Before morning God will have sent His only Son. May we come in?"

"Moo," said the cow quietly; and again "moo-oo-oo," which meant—"Oh certainly, come in and bring Our Lady." And at once the cow moved out of her bed where it was warm, and with her big soft nose she pushed the straw one way and another way until it looked like a baby's cradle, only that it had no covering.

"Moo," she said again, and moved away into a far corner of the stable and stood beside the ass.

Now outside the sky was white with the flutter of angels' wings, for above in heaven there was great excitement—all the millions of angels ready for the great event of the first Christmas night. Other Christmas nights would come and the earth children would celebrate them with presents and trees, but the Son of God would never be born again on the earth. And this was to be the children's great night of triumph and therefore there was much to-do in Heaven, for it was the angels' duty to marshal the souls of the children into line.

The souls of the children were coming to the cow's house to see and welcome the Child of God and Mary. The angels were going to come too, and a few saints and a sprinkling of grown-ups—but the myriads would be of children. Also the winds were coming, and the stars and the waves, and the birds led by the doves, and a herd of cows because of the good cow who had given up her bed to the Little Lord; and other things were coming—the whole earth was coming.

There was no wind now to blow a hurricane across Bethlehem; there were no people in the streets now. All was quiet. It was nearly the middle of the night.

And because it was nearly the middle of the night Our Lady and Saint Joseph did not sleep. They waited, kneeling in prayer.

Suddenly the cow's house became transformed into a house of gold; the air was filled with the scent of spring; a great cleft was made in the heavens and down to earth floated the angels, singing and making music for their Infant King—for at that moment of transformation Christ was born a little child into Our Lady's lap.

"Praise to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of goodwill." This was what the angels sang. They stood around the house of gold and sang in praise and joy, while the souls of the children passed within the doors.

There were the children who are fatherless and motherless—they knelt closest to Our Lady. And there were those who are born shy, but the name of the child who led them no one knows, since she was too shy to speak loud. And a little boy led those who are born blind. Their eyes cannot see the things of the world, but they can see among the stars and through the curtain of blue into heaven; and that night they saw the Holy Child. The hair of the little boy who led them was white as snow because his soul belonged to those who are born blind.

These children and all the children of the world knelt at the cradle of the Infant Jesus; but the night was passing, and when they had adored, the angels drew them away that the men of the earth might come now and see.

And as soon as the angels and the souls of the children had passed out of the house of gold it became once more the cow's house, with the good cow peacefully chewing the cud and the ass asleep in the stall and the Christ lying on common hay; only Our Lady and Saint Joseph remained with Him.

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THE PLAY

The Fountain

EUGENE O'NEIL has at last presented his long-heralded romance, The Fountain, on the stage of the Greenwich Village Theatre, with elaborate settings and costumes by Robert Edmund Jones. For several years past there have been rumors concerning this new play, indicating that unusual care—even in the case of Mr. O'Neil and his associates, who give such sedulous thought to their productions—was being devoted to its presentation. Perhaps unusual difficulties were also encountered, a thought that the actual stage version of the play itself suggests; yet whatever the reasons may have been, the long delay between composition and production, combined with the various rumors that have reached the interested public, drew unusual attention to The Fountain. The dramatist himself supplies the following note—

"The idea of writing a Fountain came originally from my interest in the recurrence in folk-lore of the beautiful legend of a healing spring of eternal youth. The play is only incidentally concerned with the era of discovery in America. It has sought merely to express the urging spirit of that period without pretending to any too-educational accuracy in the matter of dates and facts in general. The characters, with the exception of Columbus, are fictitious. Juan Ponce de Leon, in so far as I've been able to make him a human being, is wholly imaginary. I have simply filled in the bare outline of his career, as briefly reported in the Who's Who of the histories, with a conception of what could have been the truth behind his 'life-sketch' if he had been the man it was romantically—and religiously—moving to me to believe he might have been! Therefore, I wish to take solemn oath right here and now, that The Fountain is not morbid realism."

That The Fountain is not morbid realism, as Mr. O'Neil very truly says, will be granted by even the most captious of the playwright's critics. But even the most kindly and considerate and sympathetic of his critics could hardly say that O'Neil has succeeded in embodying his romance, in terms of the theatre, nearly so successfully as he has done in the case of several at least of his plays to which the terms "morbid realism" have often been applied. There are few moments really poignant with drama, or with poetry, and those that are may trace their effectiveness to Mr. Robert Edmund Jones perhaps even more than to the author. Such moments come in the vision of Columbus and his voyagers at dawn as they sight the land, or the first glimpse of the mist-enshrouded clearing in the forest where Ponce de Leon lies wounded at the side of what he thought to be the fountain of youth, just before his visions appear—hallucinations and symbols by means of which, apparently, the playwright seeks to express the inner meanings of his conception, but which have little more than the arbitrary significance of a conventional, pantheistic pageant.

Otherwise, the story of the quest of Ponce de Leon proceeds slowly, and it must be confessed, dully. With all the time and care and thought that obviously have been given to the production, and despite the occasional beauty and effectiveness of a few of its scenes, the real theatre in which the real play of O'Neil's vision is enacted is still the playwright's soul. The gap between his ideal and the reality of its presentation is but imperfectly bridged. The mimes that pass before the eyes of the spectator are but halting and stammering shadows of the figures of his dream. The fountain of his imagination is still luring his quest onward into a Cathay farther off and more difficult to reach even than the legendary region sought after by Ponce de Leon. It remains true, after all, that it is easier to deal with the stark realities of seafaring life, or life on New England farms, or in water-side haunts, than to shape forth in tangible drama such high and difficult stories of the spirit as the quest of the fountain of youth.

Especially is this true when the playwright himself is as much baffled in his quest for the meaning of life as was Ponce de Leon in his quest for the fountain of youth. Before the eyes of the dying searcher there pass, held equal and as if of the same significance, the symbols of pagan myths, of man-made religions, and the Cross. Until or unless the thought of today, whether expressed in art, in philosophy, or in the principles of social reforms, admits once and for all that Christianity is not merely one among many religions, but is unique, sharply distinct from all others, and only touching those others as something superior that yet draws to itself anything that is good and true in those inferior elements, the modern mind will remain vague with the vagueness brooding over The Fountain like the mist that broods over the man who failed to reach the fountain.

Nevertheless, the turning of the thoughts of such a powerful and authentic dramatist as Eugene O'Neil to the quest of the high romance of the human soul is decidedly a welcome portent. In the long list of plays which is printed in the program there are the names of many failures, but the names also of many great successes. That the quest of beauty and of truth set forth in The Fountain may yet be at least partially achieved by Eugene O'Neil is not only a hope but also a reasonable assumption. Here is a man to whom the playhouse is not a mere place of pandering to the desire for entertainment; it is to him a temple of the human spirit.

M. W.

In Selecting Your Plays

A Man's Man—A sincere and poignant play, marred by the current blasphemy fad.
Androcles and the Lion—Shaw at his best—and worst.
Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
Craig's Wife—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction and muddled thinking.
Dearest Enemy—A musical comedy of Revolutionary New York.
Easy Come, Easy Go—A mildly amusing Owen Davis farce.
In a Garden—Laurette Taylor struggles with a farrago of artificiality.
Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
Princess Flavia—The Prisoner of Zenda, delightfully adapted as a musical play.
Stolen Fruit—In which Ann Harding achieves greatness and lifts a good play to distinction.
The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.
The Enemy—Mr. Pollock falls down on a good theme.
The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.
The New Charlot Review—You can save money by not going.
The Poor Nut—One good hippodrome scene and little else.
The School for Scandal—A rather dreary and monotonous revival of Sheridan's classic.
The Vortex—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.
These Charming People—Cyril Maude and Edna Best tiptoeing on Arlen débris.
Young Blood—Helen Hayes battles with a bewildered author's flounderings.
Young Woodley—A lyric and courageous play for a limited and mature audience only.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL MOVEMENT

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Woodlock, in reply to my letter printed in your columns November 18, asks the rather pointed question—Which items in the economic program are debatable on grounds of strict justice, and which are not? That is indeed an exceedingly interesting question, but fortunately, it is not at all the main question in the circumstances, nor is it one necessary to decide. The question, instead, is—Are any of the items unjust, and if they are not unjust, do they appear necessary to establish a social system consonant with the moral value of man and the dignity of human labor?

Let us take slavery for comparison. The thesis on slavery in Cathrein's Ethics reads, in translation, as follows—"True slavery in any of its forms is little consonant with human dignity and is filled with many dangers; yet in itself, it does not strictly contradict the natural law so long as the essential and inalienable rights of a man are not taken from him." Yet the Church was not content with preserving only the essential and inalienable rights of slaves; the Church sought the abolition of slavery itself precisely because it was such a dangerous thing and because even under the best of conditions, it was so little conformable with human dignity.

Mr. Woodlock said in his letter that the competitive principle in economics "has in its calculations completely neglected human personality" and "under its operations a rather large proportion of human society has been driven to living conditions which are incompatible with the dignity of human personality." Should not one then search not only for strict justice and the minima thereof, but for a social system that will harmonize with the dignity of human personality and be less dangerous to human rights?

There is a point in which Mr. Woodlock, to my mind, errs. He says that "laws and constitutions concern themselves with strict justice and, furthermore, with minima in its performance."

Pope Leo says in his encyclical on the condition of labor that "the law should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many as possible to become owners." Yet this is not a question of strict justice with minima in its performance. Indeed, the general principle of state intervention as laid down in the encyclical is far distant from the one Mr. Woodlock enunciates. The encyclical says—"Whenever the general interest, or that of any particular class suffers, or is threatened with, evils which can in no other way be met, the public authority must step in to meet them."

Mr. Woodlock seems to think that the economic program which I tentatively formulated as the one held by a number of Catholics is expressive "of the radical wing of Catholic thought upon these things." One might call it reactionary—so reactionary as to bend backwards towards the guilds of the middle-ages.

But let that pass. I should rather say that it is a perfectly normal program for a Catholic to hold. Farmers' coöperation is a commonplace of Catholic social teaching and practice here and abroad; consumers' coöperation is advocated by the bishops' program of social reconstruction; labor unions are advocated by the bishops' program, the pastoral letter of the American hierarchy and Pope Leo's encyclical; the organization of business men is a constituent part of Catholic social teaching and practice abroad; coöperative banks and insurance companies have been advocated and organized by Catholic social leaders in Europe.

These bodies have used their credit and finance to extend coöperative ownership of industry and trade; the Catholic labor unions of Italy proposed a law through which the employees would share in the management of concerns, share in the profits, and use their share of the profits to buy out the capital stock; an authoritative and favorable discussion of such a proposal was pursued in the Catholic press and in Catholic social congresses. These same unions did not urge private ownership of railroads, but instead the continuance of government ownership with the employees sharing in the management and in the rewards of efficiency; intervention of the law to protect persons in immediately important matters is advocated by the bishops' program and the encyclical, both of which go into details; a change in the corporation law to permit small shareholders and employees to sit on boards of directors is a moderate proposal; the bishops' program urges high taxes on incomes and excess profits; an economic parliament or congress has long been in one form or another a part of, for example, the Catholic social movement in France; the bishops' program advocates copartnership and coöperative production; the pastoral letter urges the restoration of the principle of widespread diffusion of property ownership in the things a person works with.

The bishops' program, and the pastoral letter (in general terms) and Pope Leo's encyclical, and the Catholic social movement in general are not hesitant about required changes in the law.

R. A. McGowan.

A CATHOLIC ECONOMIC PROGRAM

London, England.

TO the Editor:—Permit me to express my best thanks to R. A. McGowan for his letter in The Commonweal of November 18.

His tentative statement of a Catholic economic program is not only interesting but very instructive and suggestive. I am sure it will receive considerable attention from Catholic social schedules in England. He rightly says that the desire to make as high a profit as possible without the check of ethical motives is pure paganism. The theorists of capitalism have contended that private profit seeking needed no regulation except that which was automatically imposed by free competition. This contention was never accepted by Catholic sociologists and today it is no longer plausible, for profiteering combinations have ousted competition from the greater part of the economic field.

Practical remedies must be found for economic abuses. I have come to the conclusion that we Catholics will have no positive influence on the course of social reform if we confine ourselves to the enunciation of general principles. We must offer the people something concrete and detailed if we are to get them to listen to us. Better risk making mistakes and arousing keen controversy than stagnate in an easy chair of platitudes.

Henry Somerville.

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BELGIAN LACE AND BRUSSELS SPROUTS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Maginnis deserves our thanks for his generous praise of Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, as the revivalist of the Gothic. Mr. Maginnis himself is no small Goth; his Boston College tower is a testimony of his eminence.

It is not by any single tower that Mr. Maginnis stands. He has his place among the foremost architects of America. The Architectural League paid him a graceful tribute for his splendid chapel at Trinity College. He is as much at home in Lombard Romanesque as in early Gothic. His sacristy adjoining the great cathedral at Saint Paul has the charm of a baptistry at Florence. He deserves a full measure of credit, along with the late John T. Comes, whose genius he has recently extolled in the Architectural Record. They have brought about a Catholic reformation in church building.

Was ever such a restoration needed! From Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, Diocesan Gothic lifts its head everywhere. One gets the impression that most of our churches arose from crates of "knock-down frames." They have a sameness that suggests Sears-Roebuck catalogues. Mr. Comes said "Diocesan Gothic" described our condition, if not our necessity. The argument from necessity has long been answered by the argument from reason; and the reason is that we can boast of competent architects who build better churches in our day.

Alas, when the architect departs, the altar society enters; and the entire is chaos and filigree. Some good churches have been marred by pedestaled plaster saints, "in extra rich decorations;" by imported windows that might well have been deported before they crossed the threshold of the Customs House.

The fortunate ones who witnessed the consecration of Saint Mary's in Oswego last September, will long recall the magnificence of that function. How well Archbishop Dowling's masterly sermon linked the past with the present. The past and present were there in a mystic marriage of ancient tradition united to modern needs. It would have been a mighty joy to Mr. Comes had he lived to see the climax of his work. His soul was remembered in a Solemn Requiem the next day. There before the eyes of all were the things he worked and fought for. The same task that Mr. Maginnis and others set themselves to do—the splendor of God's house in nave and chancel; its rich windows in wondrous colors shedding lustre on the shrines and on the scene. The ministers of the Mass in mediaeval vesture; the simplicity of linen albs contrasting with the cloth of gold. The surpliced choir, the prelates in their purple in the chancel stalls. An archbishop celebrant of the Mass; a cardinal of the Church upon a throne of crimson. It was like an illuminated page from the past. A picture such as Edwin Abbey could have put on canvas, like the Holy Grail.

Pugin is authority that so-called "Gothic" vestments are in reality old Roman; and in his Glossary of Christian Ornament are handsome plates in color that should be a revelation to the critics of ancient church apparel.

How meaningless have some rubrics become in the presence of amputated vestments! The legend that Saint Martin cut his cloak in twain seems to have been the motive of our cello-shaped chasubles; what is more incongruous than to see the Alter Christus adorned with fret-work lace? "Point d'ésprit" kills the point of the sermon. Let the nuns wear all the lace and put the linen on the priests. Somehow I can't keep associating Belgian lace with Brussels sprouts.

PETER MORAN.

RHYTHM AND REASON

Garrison, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal of December 2, Mr. Morrow writes—

"To a perfect poem I think all three characteristics (rhythm, rhyme and reason) are essential." Later—"Even in blank verse which sacrifices rhyme and is consequently a hybrid between prose and poetry . . ."

It does not seem to me that it is right to call all blank verse hybrid—that is, a cross between prose and poetry, but neither prose nor poetry. Until Robert Brunne of Manning, about 1325, all English poetry was blank verse—though often having alliteration and mid-verse pause to give the necessary rhythm. Long's Outline of English Literature, tells us—". . . In it (Robert Manning's rhyming chronicle) we note the appearance of rime, a new thing in English poetry, borrowed from the French . . ."

Lack of rhyme would disqualify Beowulf, Seafarer, Hymn of Creation, Christ, Piers Plowman, King Henry the Fifth, Paradise Lost, Evangeline, Idylls of the King, as perfect poetry. It would also disqualify the Latin psalter, the Gloria in Excelsis, and the Te Deum as perfect poetry. Are all these masterpieces hybrid poetry?

Neither rhyme nor regular, mechanical meter is essential to perfect poetry. It is the rhyme and meter which spoil so much of Longfellow's verse.

Moreover, it seems to me that there is really no essential difference between good poetry and good prose. Both must have rhythm and reason. Which are the Epiphany Collect of the Roman liturgy and the prayer, Deus, Qui Humanae Substantiae Dignitatem Mirabiliter Condidisti of the Roman Canon —prose or poetry?

The modern trend in poetry—as in music and dancing—is away from the Germanic, rigid, mechanistic rhythm of artificiality and back to the rhythm of nature. Whitman and Dalcroze and Grieg led us out of our man-made formalism and into the innately artistic beauty of the lyric, folk-dances, and folksong. The Church does so, too, when she gives us as the ideal medium of social prayer the indescribably unearthly melodies of unharmonized, rhymeless, meterless plainsong.

L. MAYNARD GRAY.

TOMBS IN THE SAHARA

Denver, Colo.

TO the Editor:—The Associated Press, Chicago, November 28, reported the discovery of ancient tombs at Tamanrasset in the Sahara, by the Prorok-Beloit Expedition.

Réné Bazin in 1921 published Père Foucauld, Explorateur de Maroc, Ermite au Sahara. (Paris: Librairie Plon.) In this book he gives the interesting account received by him from Major Robert Hérrison, medical officer 1909-1910 at For Motylinski near Tamanrasset, where Père de Foucauld liver many years as a missionary and hermit—

"Père de Foucauld told me it would be interesting to know whether a race other than the Tuareg has inhabited this desert. There are tombs here, very ancient pagan tombs which antedate Islam. These are very probably the ancestors of the Tuaregs; they however do not agree on this. You might make excavations there. They will see no harm in exhuming the bones. You will then be able to determine the race relationship between these and the present day Tuaregs."

ADELRICK BENZIGER.

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BOOKS

BOOKS ON MIRACLES

OF BOOKS on this subject and of short accounts of special cases there is no lack, and it would be impossible to set down anything like a complete list. Naturally the older works may be neglected, for many of them were quite uncritical and therefore are useless at the present day when the angle of conflict has quite changed from what it was some fifty years ago.

Then the common "argument" was that miracles could not and did not occur and that what appeared to be such were mere fakes by money-grubbing priests and monks. That discreditable form of attack has now been dropped by all but Maria Monks of both sexes, and the main argument today is that these things occur but that they are not miracles but the outcome of "suggestion"—blessed word, before which Mesopotamia shrinks into nothingness! The defense then has to be directed in the real combat to this attack. Of course there are side skirmishes which confuse the ignorant such as the sapient statement made by an Anglican clergyman and fostered by some wandering continental bishop of the same denomination, that the apparition at Lourdes was really the bien aimée of a soldier who induced her to pose in the niche. Where these clerics can have been not to have known that no one but Bernadette saw the apparition, though scores of others were on the spot, a fact utterly at variance with their tale, does not appear but such is the kind of thing which when disseminated by men whose position impels attention makes silly persons captive.

Attention therefore will only be paid to a selected list of books of the day. As a general introduction to the subject Introduction a l'Étude du Merveilleux et du Miracle, par Joseph de Tonquédec (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. Second Edition. 1916) may be recommended as very complete; as an excellent English work, The Question of Miracles by Father Joyce, S.J. (St. Louis: The Herder Company. 1914). Those curious to understand various phases of Anglican opinion on the subject, though they will not get much assistance from it on account of the nebulosity and variety of the opinions expressed, may turn to a work entitled Miracles (New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1911) consisting of papers and sermons from the Guardian newspaper.

The change of opinion in regard to miracles has, as Mr. Belloc very rightly points out, come about through Lourdes, for Lourdes is a big fact and one that cannot be eluded. And further the perfect good faith of the place is now admitted by all respectable witnesses of all shades of opinion. Here again one may pass over the older books like that of Henri Laserre and confine oneself to more modern works. Probably none better can be recommended than the work entitled Lourdes, by Johannes Jörgensen, translated from the original Danish into English by Ingeborg Lund with an admirable preface by Mr. Belloc (New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1914). In the same year and with the same brief title was published another and smaller book (The Herder Company) and when it is said that its author was the late Monsignor Benson, those who know and appreciate his writings will not require to be told anything more about it, for it is thoroughly Bensonian.

So much for the general topic—passing to the medical side, the first book of importance is The Facts of Lourdes and the Medical Bureau (New York: Benziger Brothers). That it is an authoritative work is proved by the fact that its author is Dr. A. Marchand, for so many years head of the medical bureau at Lourdes where all cases are investigated. This and the two next books have been translated from the French by Dom Izzard, O.S.B., an Englishman, and a fully qualified medical man also. Thus in them we escape from the constant annoyances of a translation of a technical work made by a technically untrained translator. Twenty Cures at Lourdes, is the title of the second of these books (Sands and Company. 1920) and the author is Dr. de Grandmaison. Besides the classical cases of Marie Lebranchu, Marie Lemarchand and Pierre de Rudder, there are seventeen others of crucial importance. Medical Proof of the Miraculous is the third book (New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons) and its author is Dr. E. le Bec, surgeon to one of the great Paris hospitals and president of the Bureau des Constatations de Lourdes. This book is called a clinical study, and that is just what it is. Consequently, it will appeal with particular force to medical men, and, parenthetically, the writer of these lines may confess that he belongs to that profession and can testify to the medical accuracy of the three books now under consideration.

This last book commences by a general study of Lourdes and its facts and then turns to the consideration of special cases. De Rudder again appears here and in addition to others of first-class importance there is the truly wonderful case of the middle-aged French priest ordered, much against his will to go to Lourdes by his bishop, on account of the extremely serious varicose veins from which he suffered. He was seen by Dr. le Bec, whose patient he had been for a long time, just before he made his grumbling exit from Paris for the shrine. He returned after less than a fortnight absolutely cured of an affliction which had lasted for twenty years and without a sign that it had ever existed, to show himself to the surgeon who had seen him just before his journey. This is one of the most remarkable of all the Lourdes cures, but to the surgeon much more remarkable than to the layman. The case of de Rudder, and most properly so, is the case on which a champion of miracles may "declare to win" for it is quite inexplicable on ordinary lines. It is the case of the immediate cure of an old suppurating compound fracture of eight years' standing which took place at a "Lourdes" shrine at Oostacker in Belgium, some years before the war.

The first account of this was published in English under the title A Modern Miracle, by the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland (1906) and was a translation of the original and best account by Alfred Deschamps, S.J., M.D., D.Sc., just the kind of man to deal satisfactorily with such a case, but unfortunately this little book has, the writer believes, long been unobtainable. But accounts of the case will be found in several of the books already mentioned and a very full analysis of this case with a discussion of the arguments pro and con here and in a few other cases of recent miracles, will be found in a work entitled On Miracles and Other Matters, by B. C. A. Windle (London: Burns, Oates and Company. 1924). The present writer has noticed an article by the last named author which appeared in The Queen's Work early in this present year which seems to be the only account in English of an observation at Lourdes which approaches as nearly to an experiment as is possible, and ought to convince the most hardened unbeliever.

The writer of the original pamphlet, a medical man of experience, made up his mind to see all the Lourdes pilgrims before their departure and examine them—taking careful notes. The first year nothing happened, but the second

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year he was rewarded by seeing a cure—miraculous to all appearance—in the case of one of those whom he had carefully examined and who had been x-rayed before visiting Lourdes. The title of the pamphlet is Une Observation Médicale presque en forme d'Expérience, faite a Lourdes en 1920-21. (Paris: Maison de la Bonne Presse.) It is much to be desired that this really important little book should be translated into English and rendered available for many who know nothing of it at present.

The Jesuit Relations, edited by Edna Kenton. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $5.00.

NEW France was the land of romance: great inland seas, interminable forests, broad rivers, savages of many nations, headlong explorers, rash furmen, half-barbarous squaw-men and coureurs de bois, and the omnipresent Black Robes. The subject has been dramatized in worthy fashion. Especially has the story of Jesuit labors, sufferings, martyrdoms, and explorations been related by Protestant and Catholic historians. Indeed the French Jesuit has been popularized by non-Catholics from Parkman and his school to that of the late Professor Reuben Thwaites of the University of Wisconsin. In scholarly volumes, later in general histories, finally in text books and in the films, the heroism of the lonely Jesuit of the forests in extending God's kingdom, serving Our Lady of the Snows, and broadening the empire of the Bourbons has been made known to readers of every class. Yet the Jesuit Relations, the basis for these narratives, are familiar only to specialists and found merely in the largest libraries.

The Jesuit was everywhere. Bancroft was virtually right in his oft-quoted phrase: "Not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way." No matter where he might be stationed whether with the Abenakis, Hurons, Eries, Iroquois, Chippewas, Foxes, Illinois, Mandans, Menominees, Ottawas, and the Sioux, or in the far-flung forts and trading posts, the Jesuit sent a yearly journal to his superior in Quebec. These reports were then edited and combined with the oral accounts of missionaries on occasional retreats at the mother-house and forwarded to the French Provincial who in turn published them annually (1632-73) through Cramoisy of Paris as the Jesuit Relations.

The original narrative was rarely marred in editing and its identity never destroyed. Hence there is the tang of the forest and the odor of the wigwams where so often the accounts were written surreptitiously to avoid the superstitious hostility of the savage to quill and note book. One can visualize the highly trained priest from the most cultured nation of the time plunging into the wilderness, living the tribal life, acquiring the dialects, suffering every privation of cold and hunger, joining hunting and scouting parties, carrying his share of the load at the portage, preaching by word and example, and probably ending it all at the torture ring. A keen observer, the Jesuit has left indebted geographers, historians, and ethnologists; for he has touched upon every phase of native life and land physiography, religion, morals, folk-lore, habits, languages, woodcraft, and potential economic wealth in furs and minerals.

He charted lands, lakes, and streams in rough maps, splendidly done when one considers that they were drafted on march or beside the smoky fire of the tepee. The style is vivid, simple, unadorned, and straight-forward. There is little glorification and no seeking of sympathy for personal sacrifices. There is breadth and tolerance with candid appraisal of the redman's vices and virtues. The Relations breathe the qualities which made the Jesuit the most successful missionary among the hordes of baffling tribesmen: courage, tolerance, zeal, and complete self-sacrifice.

The printed Relations were popular in high circles, in court and salon. They popularized Canada, the fur-trade, and the missions and gave the nation a zest for empire and colonization. The Cramoisy volumes were supplemented by Latin and Italian as well as French editions by independent publishers in Rome, Paris, and Lyons. Letters from afield appeared in secular and Jesuit reviews. Yet their seventeenth-century vogue gave way, and aside from use in Jesuit histories of Canada, the Relations were almost forgotten when at last they were revived in the middle of the nineteenth century.

This revival was due largely to E. B. O'Callaghan's Documentary History of New York, to the writings of Father Felix Martin, S.J., and John Gilmary Shea, and to Parkman's Pioneers of New France and his Jesuits in North America, but also to the activities of such collectors as the late James Lennox of New York. Under the editorship of Abbés Laverdière, Plante and Ferland, the Canadian government in 1858 reprinted the Cramoisy series. This was followed by Shea's edition and by additional materials published by O'Callaghan and by Father Martin. A few years later new narratives and letters found in Laval University archives appeared in the Journal of the Jesuits, edited by Abbés Laverdière and Casgrain. About 1891 their work was reprinted as the old edition was exhausted. In a world-wide survey of missionary work, Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses, Ecrites des Missions, there appeared many letters and items concerning the Jesuits in America from 1702 to 1776. Finally all the narratives with translations, journals, printed letters, and reports were gathered together by Professor Thwaites and printed by Burrows Brothers of Cleveland in seventy-three stout volumes. Portraits, prints, maps, charts, and a mass of editorial comment make this a monumental collection of inestimable value to the scholar of early American and Canadian history.

Yet such a collection is of little value to schools and general readers. It is not easily available, nor is its wealth of material readily accessible. Hence, there was need for a volume like Miss Kenton's, a book of selected readings from Thwaite's Jesuit Relations. On the whole she has chosen her narratives and letters wisely enough, though some criticism might be advanced. It was a difficult task, almost an impossible one. Probably this accounts for the previous failure to supply the market with so necessary a work. Her illustrative readings are grouped under five headings: the early missionary period, 1611 to 1634; the Huron missions and martyrs; the Iroquois warfare; the westward expansion of lands and missions; and the official expulsion of the Jesuits and their abandonment of the field, 1763 to 1789. The names of Jouvency, Charles and Jerome Lalemant, LeJeune, Brébeuf, Mercier, Peron, Jogues, Daniel, L'Alemant, Ragueneau, Le Moine, Dablon, Marquette, Coquart, Potier, and others ring out clearly from the pages and tell a goodly fragment of Indian and missionary history. Miss Kenton's book is at best but a key to the great collection, but it opens a new vista to a wider audience of teachers, students and others who are interested in the exploits of the Jesuits.

Let Miss Kenton's book be read in conjunction with W. B. Munroe's Crusaders of New France, Thwaites's France in North America and Father Marquette, Father John J. Wynne's The Jesuit Martyrs of North America, and Father T. J. Campbell's Pioneer Priests of North America and Pioneer

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Laymen of North America, and it will serve its true purpose. Incidentally let there be appreciation for the labors of non-Catholic scholars in writing Catholic history—and much American Catholic history in the southwest as well as in the north has been and is being written by them—though at times their vision appears dimmed.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Foure Birds of Noahs Arke, by Thomas Dekker. Edited by F. P. Wilson. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

IT WAS a very kind fate which placed in the hands of Mr. Wilson a nearly perfect copy of old Thomas Dekker's book of prayer. From this copy, the present edition is an admirable reprint, being so distinguished and charming of appearance that even "such as be hoary cynicks" cannot avoid lifting their hearts in petition. Dekker's prose, which was given to the public in various forms during those deadly years between 1605 and 1625 when the plague nearly put an end to English play-acting, has much in common with the diction of the authorized version. It is a prose with more than a little body—a deep-stained, aromatic, stirring yet sedative prose. We can't write it these days; but to read it slowly and with gusto is to experience, as did Charles Lamb, the rivalry of antiquity. What a pity there cannot exist somewhere a kind of discreet literary restaurant, in which a menu of excellent English would be served by a master of the cellars; for we should learn, very probably, that like wine this English gains with age. But Dekker did not set out to be aesthetic. He did very earnestly propose to give the public a number of fervent petitions phrasing the most necessary wants and requirements. "The Foure Birds (of Noahs Arke)," he tells us, "have taken foure several flights." And these birds, as well as their habits, symbolize faculties and duties of the human soul in its race for the "crown of heavenly blessedness."

Dekker at his prayers was very much of an individualist. Of course there are petitions for the church and state, but these scarcely take rank with the majestic and tumultuous requests penned by other men. He was at his best when framing orations for the use of husbandmen and mariners, mothers and soldiers. Their little daily chores come to the front in his sentences, immemorial, the same now as they were then. Listen to this from a prayer "for the Evening:" "O Lord, forgive mee my sinnes, which are more infinite than the starres, and more heavie than if mountaines lay upon my bosome; but thy mercy, and the merits of my Redeemer do I trust in. In his Name doe I sue for a pardon. Suffer, O Lord, no uncleane thoughts this night to pollute my body and soule; but to keep my cogitations chaste, and let my dreames be like those of innocents & sucking babes. Grant, O Lord, that the Sun may not go down upon my wrath. But if any this day hath done me wrong, that I may freely and heartily forgive him, as I desire at thy hands to bee forgiven."

A book of such quality is truly a literary and spiritual treasure. Derived from the ancient liturgy of the Church, its revival is possibly some augury of a day to come when it will once more be understood that prayer is not only a practice, but truly an art for the greater glory of Him whom it addresses. Dekker's book had no success in its own time, nor did his "short and pithie sentences"—added to the present edition by Mr. Wilson—meet with favor among the learned and pious. Possibly better fortune may greet the reissue.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

BRIEFER MENTION

The Book of the Popes, by Dr. F. J. Bayer. New York: Harper Brothers. $4.00.

THE story of the Popes is the story of modern Europe, the beginnings of its civilization, its government and culture. The very immensity of the subject of the Popes makes it a difficult task in these hurried modern days to trace a personality or a date or enactment, to discover a portrait or obtain an illustrative remnant of any definite prelate. Hence the value and utility of Dr. F. J. Bayer's work and the excellence of this English translation by E. M. Lamond, with its preface by Father Herbert Thurston, S.J. The Introduction dealing with The Papacy and The Catalogue of the Popes provides an excellent guide for the calendars of papal reigns, papal arms and papal mottoes; but it is in the illustrations of papal portraits, arms, tombs and ancient churches, that this volume shows its real value. It must prove a constant aid to librarians and consultors of public libraries in the general availability of its facts, the reliability of its dates, and succinctness of its make-up.

The Forge in the Forest; The Voyagers; by Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25 each.

THE Forge in the Forest is enriched with some very spirited pictures by Boris Artzybasheff that greatly add to the effect of Padraic Colum's charming fantasy as a story-teller. These tales have, generally speaking, a classical or oriental origin, and decked out in the Gaelic imaginings of Mr. Colum they produce an effect of splendor that is sure to fascinate his readers. The Voyagers, being legends and histories of Atlantic discovery, are interpretations of such old myths as those of the fabled Atlantis, the voyages of Maelduin, the voyages of Saint Brendan, the explorations of Eric the Red, of Columbus and Ponce de Leon. This more or less legendary history is treated in Mr. Colum's sympathetic manner: the result being a highly entertaining volume.

The Oxford Book of Portuguese Verse, compiled by Aubrey F. G. Bell. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. $4.00.

THE excellent series of Oxford Books of Verse from various periods and various languages is now supplemented by a selection from the Portuguese poets by that able Hispanic scholar, Aubrey F. G. Bell, who traces the footprints of the muse through the days of early Portuguese-Galician troubadours down to the fullness of song revealed in Camoens and his successors. The choice of these poems reveals an exquisite sense of appreciation and a series of notes, biographical and bibliographical, that enhance the value of this handy volume.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

The skies were grey and rainy, and in spite of the flutter of Christmas cards, revealing scenes of turkey, goose and plum pudding, and green pine woods bending under their virgin snows, Doctor Angelicus sat gloomily at his desk and heard the Christmas trains grinding off into the distant outlands, bearing the office boys and girls back to their village home-week.

Hereticus entered and laid down a heavy bundle which burst open, disclosing a complete Santa Claus costume which he was to wear when enacting that rôle at a Christmas party. He had been cultivating for several days the style of Merry Old England to the evident pain of Angelicus.

"What, ho, Doctor," he shouted, "not down-'earted, are we —these 'appy days?"

The Doctor winced. "Yes, Hereticus, my heart is down in my boots. I feel like somebody waiting for the train to start. Once I hear the bells for midnight Mass, I shall feel better. Christmas takes me this way every year."

Primus Criticus entered with a manuscript. "Listen to this poem, gentlemen," he said, "and learn how that brave Englishman, Theodore Maynard, faces the holidays this year, rejoicing like a real Catholic over a dispensation. Perhaps his ideas will cheer the Doctor up—

" 'A dismal day is Friday.
On Friday I would be
A Baptist or a Methodist,
A Turk or Manichee.
My customary food departs
To gladden misbelieving hearts
That do not fast with me.

When Christmas comes on Friday
With holy zeal I eat,
Bound by no ever-irksome fast,
My doublet full of meat.
The ox, the stag, the boar shall make
Christmas more merry for their sake,
And even Friday sweet.

On Friday, as at Christmas,
My flowing bowl is free;
But not a Methodist may sit
And drink his wine with me.
I'll not be gloomy any more—
I'm glad I'm not a Baptist or
A Turk or Manichee.' "

"A jovial song, in sooth, Primus," said Hereticus, with less than his customary reservation. "But some of us will confine ourselves (on principle) to cider as usual. As for Mr. Maynard's 'ox and stag and boar' diet—where does he get it?"

Doctor Angelicus, gradually overcoming his melancholy, remarked—"We shall have turkey or goose on that day—not that I wish to cast any aspersions upon the Methodist gruel, the Baptist baked beans or the Turkish kous-kous; I confess to ignorance regarding the dietary of the Manichees, but I shall look up some of the Albigensian table d'hôtes during the winter season."

"This discussion," said Hereticus, "suggests a recently published verse by M. J. MacManus, caricaturing Chesterton—

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TITLE PAGE AND INDEX
FOR VOLUME II

The title page and index for Volume II of THE COMMONWEAL are now ready. These will be sent upon request.
Arrangements have been made for binding THE COMMONWEAL in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be furnished upon application to this office.

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" 'I've danced beneath the sign of the cock when Fleet Street's night was done,
And seen green dragons rear their manes where dragon there was none,
I've drunk the heady wine of life with rascal, rogue, and rake,
But, heaven be praised, I've never dined on a vegetarian steak.' "

Here the door opened and the Editor entered the library with a yellow manuscript which he sadly laid on the table. "This might do for our poetry page," he said, as he vanished like Hamlet in one of the earlier acts.

"What now?" demanded Angelicus. "More verses—and the guilty bard in Don C. Seitz. Really, Mr. Seitz, isn't this too much? A poem entitled Moonocholy—

" 'One night I thought I heard the moon pass by
And bending low, to whisper in my ear;
'I am so lonely up here in the sky
Where flaming Mars keeps me in dreadful fear—
Then there's that Venus, winking all the while
At me, so cold and pale, and so afraid;
I know I'll never match in style
With such a foolish, forward, flirting maid.' "

"I'm glad you are reading poetry," said Britannicus, who had entered as Angelicus was finishing the last stanza, "for I have just completed some Yule verses myself."

"We might as well hear them," sighed Angelicus patiently.

"Oh, not necessarily," said Britannicus, modestly.

"I insist," said Miss Brynmarian and Miss Anonymoncule in a breath, so Britannicus began—

"Waiters chuckle; letter-men growl;
Cold winds rattle the chimney cowl;
Noel, Noel! the carolers howl—
It's Christmas.

Water freezes and pipes go pop;
Can't squeeze into Ye Old Yule Shoppe;
Turkey, cold, instead of your chop—
It's Christmas.

Country cousins—the sort we know,
Squabble and fight 'neath the mistletoe;
Two in the morning, before they go—
It's Christmas.

Hall-boy, janitor, women who sweep;
Begging letters, a gruesome heap;
Twenty bucks—if you get off cheap—
It's Christmas.

Well, well, well, we've done it before;
Thank your stars, when the day is o'er;
It's fifty weeks—and a little more—
To Christmas."

"Optimist!" growled Hereticus. Surprised at the change from his cheerful mood, the others looked round, to find him regarding disconsolately a pair of red satin dancing slippers, size 2-A, evidently intended as an adjunct to his costume.

"Louis Quinze!" he murmured as he thrust the Yuletide equipment aside. "I thought the blamed things looked a tight fit. Well, it cans my show, anyhow."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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